

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The young man should find his great opportunity in a new country. Such has been the expectation and experience of generations and races the world over. Young men go west and grow up with the country. The western hemisphere was colonized by young men whose adventurous spirits rather courted hardships and whose unsecured hopes buoyed them up through all vicissitudes. This should be the country for young men, for the country itself is young; its entire topography is not yet traced on maps; its mineral possibilities are merely guessed at; its vast agricultural plains are sparsely peopled and only cultivated in parts, its population is only one-twentieth of what it is destined in the economy of nature to be; its literature is in a state of embryo; its political future is uncertain and sentiment unorganized. Such being Canada's stage of development it should be an ideal country for young men. Energy dominates youth as discretion distinguishes age, and though the latter quality may not always come to those who acquire years, yet energy leaves them. It would be better for this young country if its affairs were administered with undoubted energy than with a discretion that is only problematical. Energetic men may sometimes make trouble for themselves, but they are generally competent to master it when it appears; discreet septuagenarians foresee trouble and evade it, but if a proposed action will result in either great advantage or considerable worry, they choose the safety of inaction. Sir Oliver Mowat is an instance. He is sufficiently cautious for a country as old as England, but quite lacking in the spirit of exploit. The immediate future of Ontario under his care is safe as that of a widow possessing a moderate annuity. She can neither go bankrupt on the one hand, nor improve her fortune on the other. The estate will in time be handed to her heirs intact, but successful speculation and investment will not have increased it. Sir Oliver has not buried the "one talent" entrusted to him, like the wicked and slothful servant, nor has he made it double itself like the good and profitable servant, but he has let it out to gather lawful bank interest, neither more nor less. He has managed our affairs with a frugality that is praiseworthy; he has never realized that he is in charge of a province that should develop unto vastness of population and power. At all events, he has originated nothing calculated to energize the forces making for the country's development. He has been a matchless steward, collecting rents and taxes, making repairs, preserving the peace and convincing our ears of a surplus our reason could never perceive. He has done nothing to attract strangers to our vacant settlements or to interest outside capital in our mines or manufactures; indeed, he has repelled capital on the principle that our minerals are a provincial asset and should be guarded. If during his entire term of office he has brought a dozen men into the country, it has been under the Extradition Act and they were hanged or imprisoned.

But Sir Oliver, although perhaps the most conservative man in Canadian public life, is not singular in his slow-coach policy now in his preference for old men. Young men are at a discount in this country, where more than elsewhere they should be at a premium. The Ontario Legislature is composed almost entirely of old men, as are the Legislative Assemblies of the other provinces and the House of Commons. Go up into the gallery of any of our Houses of Parliament and you will look down upon almost an unbroken level of glistering pates. I do not know why success in public life should be denied a man until he has shaken his teeth out and left his hair behind him on the bramble bushes of life, but the fact remains. Those who have too much sense to bump their heads against a wall, or are not sufficiently heroic to attempt the overthrow of an odious barrier, stay in retirement until their energy wanes and their crispness is worn off and they can exhibit bald spots to nominating conventions. Then they get elected and hold down their seats until called to higher seats above the starry sky. They never retire. The young men of a constituency represented by one of them need not sandpaper their heads and study the Bribery Act; there will be no vacancy unless death or a gerrymander causes one. Once a man is called to a place in a Provincial or Dominion Cabinet he becomes a fixture and hangs to life with exasperating tenacity. No public question ever arises upon which the individual members of a government have conflicting opinions. No minister resigns on principle. Each man hangs to his seat and agrees to anything. He may disapprove some action of his esteemed colleagues, but he evidently considers that the conduct of his fellows would not be improved should the light of his countenance be removed. No matter who becomes Premier of the Conservative Government at Ottawa, the same dozen harmless old gentlemen hobble around him and accept the various portfolios as a matter of course. If the Liberals were to carry the citadel to-morrow the survivors of the Macdonald Government of twenty years ago would step up to resume their places as though only a month had elapsed since they had been interrupted in their duties. C. H. Tupper fell heir to a portfolio, and if his party is not defeated he will hold it for life, such extraneous considerations as ability and future political developments having nothing to do with the matter. There are too many life offices in Canada. If Cleveland had been elected a second time in this country, as he has been in the United States, his Cabinet would have been identical with his former one and every

minor appointment would have been the same as before. No Canadian Premier would dare do what he has done, for he has refused in wholesale terms to appoint to the different sinecures the men who formerly enjoyed them, on the ground that he is "opposed to creating an office-holding oligarchy in a democratic country."

We have an office-holding oligarchy. Once a man secures an appointment he holds it until the destroying angel drops upon him. The spirit actuating the men who fill the Cabinet at Ottawa—a spirit that prevents them from ever resigning, that enables them to triumph over debility, avoid contagion and resist even the most seductive forms of death—pervades every branch of public service and shows itself in all the walks of business. Hang on! is the national watchword. When one perceives how the upward path is blocked

pointed, we see exemplified the principle of life tenure which is doing so much injury. A polling clerkship is a small thing, but it is the biggest thing of the kind young men so placed can see with the naked eye. In the wildest and most unlicensed flights of their ambition they never hope to win anything more lucrative and dignified. But they wait in weariness and die ungratified. The same men are solemnly appointed from year to year, and sometimes one man will be clerk in his polling subdivision without interruption for thirty years; sometimes one group will be appointed without a break for fifteen years. In some townships the same men sit around the council board for years in a state of stagnation. This is all wrong. It may not be expensive, but it temporarily has an economical result; but it is deadening and works vast, though indirect, injury to the municipality. The young man who has in his heart an ambition to be some-

a cruel hole in the sky. No power of speech short of Bryan's own complexity of metaphor could do justice to the laceration occasioned by his removal. He is like a butter tooth rudely wrenched from the jaw of Liberalism while it yawned, expecting no such outrage. The shock to local Conservatism is, however, even more unmanly. The faithful feel much as Hindoos would if some dog of an infidel were to enter a temple and knock in the ribs of the sacred person of Brahma with a potato masher. This strikes me as a happy similitude. Corresponding with the wooden figure of the Hindoo god—quite as animated and fully as beautiful—is the person of John Trowbridge, great in peace and sublime in party warfare. This man, with half the votes of the city in his pocket, this organizer and statesmanlike thinker, was set upon, maltreated and—to tell the downright truth in unparliamentary language—punched in as common a way as a man who had never attended a caucus in his life! If he had been booed by a senator or spanked by a member of Parliament it would have been bearable—it might even have proved a source of post-hospital gratification, if I may coin a term—but the name of his assailant is not even recognizable as that of one who had ever been a delegate to a party convention! There is nothing to relieve the harrowing nature of the whole grievous incident, unless it be the fact that Mr. Trowbridge was at the time engaged in the enlightened service of his Government and his assailant was afterwards fined for the assault. But that does not atone for the humiliation of being punched and walloped like a man of no influence in the ward. The party stood aghast on hearing of the assault, and when news came of the alleged attempt on Gladstone's life some saw indications of a transatlantic conspiracy against the earth's fairest and best.

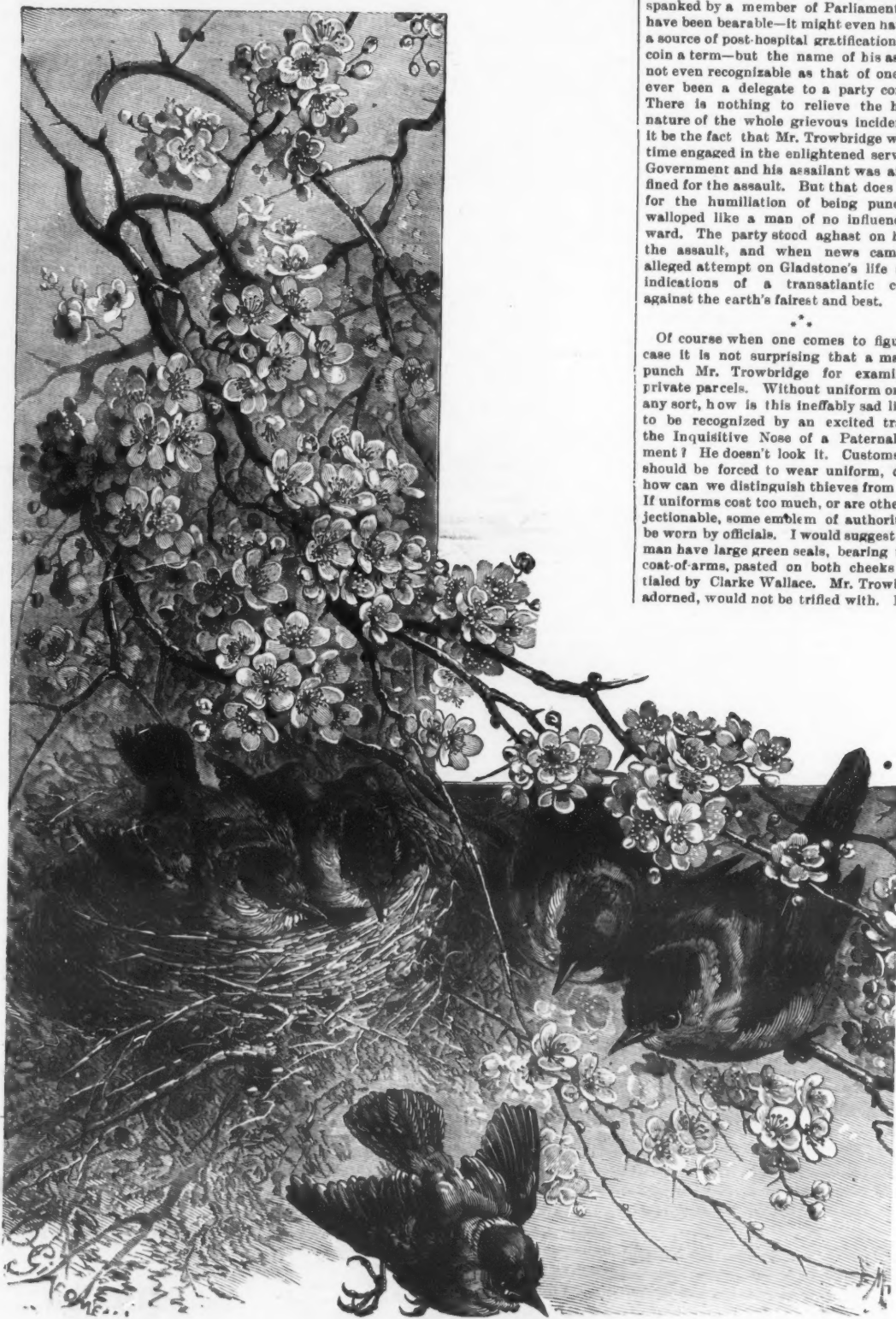
Of course when one comes to figure on the case it is not surprising that a man should punch Mr. Trowbridge for examining his private parcels. Without uniform or badge of any sort, how is this ineffably sad little man to be recognized by an excited traveler as the Inquisitive Nose of a Paternal Government? He doesn't look it. Customs officials should be forced to wear uniform, otherwise how can we distinguish thieves from robbers? If uniforms cost too much, or are otherwise objectionable, some emblem of authority should be worn by officials. I would suggest that each man have large green seals, bearing the royal coat of arms, pasted on both cheeks and initiated by Clarke Wallace. Mr. Trowbridge, so adorned, would not be trifled with. He would

times. The author who can announce that he has decided to change the national song of a people certainly does not lack the eccentricities of genius, whatever else he may be short of. Those who have written great heart-songs have always been too finely strung to publicly declare their productions, immortal at the time of their publication and it shows a mighty poor insight into human nature to suppose that one can supply a people with a new anthem or a new flag in much the same manner as one would supply them with a new and improved churn. We have had foisted upon us a factory-made brand of loyalty, none other genuine, and it is perhaps not surprising that a cultivated sentiment should be embodied into song in this mechanical, self-assured way.

It looks as though a death-blow will be given to newspaper guessing contests and the fakes of various kind and degree on which cheap rags and boiler-plate weeklies have for some time subsisted. It would appear from the evidence in the police court that A. J. Parker, the last manager of the *Canadian Queen*, has got himself into a deep hole. I cannot see, however, why it should be considered more of a swindle for him to return nothing to subscribers than for others to unload "tin silverware" and yellow glassware upon "lucky prize-winners." Respectable newspaper enterprises are not greatly injured by these fake publications so numerous just now in Toronto, but men who are issuing clean and high-class sheets and aiming always at bigger and better things entertain a vast contempt for such snide enterprises. They are beneath attention, beyond and below gunshot. But the contempt felt for palpably crooked publications is also extended to the greedy and ignorant ones who are swindled by them. The man who tries to buy the earth for ten cents and then howls until the stars rattle overhead because he lost his dime and didn't get the globe we are all trying to live on, has not much of a claim on anybody's sympathy. Usually the only difference between the swindler and his dupe is that one is at the winning and the other at the losing end of a transaction wherein one or other must be cheated. Each is trying to get something for nothing—which is the essence of dishonest acquisition—but one has a scheme and the other has not. It is to be hoped that the Crown authorities will make a clean sweep of this business and either reclaim tricky newspaper men to the paths of decent and legitimate journalism or drive them out of business entirely.

Those who with some jubilation express the opinion that Sir Oliver Mowat has at last got into dangerous water, and may, please heaven, capsize and drown because of this temperance question, are, I think, not confronting the whole situation. Mr. Meredith and his followers seem likely to suffer most from what has happened and is likely to happen on this prohibition question. The Marter bill was rejected on a straight party vote. The Conservatives voted solid for it, and as that measure was designed to close up all the bars in the province, the liquor interests will go solid against Mr. Meredith in the next election. Heretofore the saloon men have voted Liberal more through fear than love; now they will vote that way without compulsion. The Conservative party tied itself by that vote to a solid something that cannot be explained away hereafter, no matter what turn events may take. In alienating the liquor men—sending their hearts where their treasure is—they won no corresponding benefit, for the Liberals outbid them in open market for temperance sympathy by certain feints in the direction of total prohibition. Mowat did not tie himself and party to anything so solid as to incommode his free agency next year or any other year. He will have a plebiscite taken and refer certain constitutional points for settlement. If there is not an overwhelming majority for prohibition he will not feel justified in giving effect to so revolutionary a principle as is prohibition. If the majority is overwhelming, there are still some constitutional points whose settlement may relieve him from the necessity of taking fateful action. The saloon men will be made to see that there are a great many peradventures between this bright May evening and the passage of prohibition by Sir Oliver Mowat. They will come to believe that their good friend the Premier is staving off ranting teetotalers, and doing it with rare daintiness. On the other hand, if prohibition does not come the temperance people will perceive at a glance that the fault lay, not in Sir Oliver, but in the unsatisfactory nature of the plebiscite, or in a faulty constitution. Moreover, if the temperance movement must retrace its steps and start over again, as it has done thousands of times, and go back to the Marter bill, the Premier will not be precluded from fathering and giving effect to that measure. Supposing that the constitutional points are settled and, failing prohibition, the country two years hence demands that the retail liquor trade be abolished, Mr. Mowat can rise in his place in the House and say: "I, like the great bulk of temperance people in Ontario, aimed at total prohibition, and when we voted against and defeated the Marter bill it was with a view of securing that completer and higher object. Having failed, as you all know, in our attempt to secure the best thing, the Government, like the organized temperance party, is willing to accept and give effect to the next best thing." If the principle of the Marter bill is ever to become operative, Sir Oliver will be free to adopt it, and Mr. Meredith will have wasted the seed which he has sown. I think that Sir Oliver, as usual, has prepared a nice circle of soft spots all around him, so that it does not matter much where he falls.

MACK.



THE FIRST FLIGHT.

with men who will not budge, he concludes that it is wise for him to sit still in a moderately good position. So he thinks and grows and becomes a growing fixture. Talk about the stability of our form of government—we have too much of it! There should be more open events for the young men of the country. Go out into the townships and see how it works. Let a young man whose beard is less than a foot long attempt to run for councillor and some scandalized patriarch will emerge from his chimney nook, peer through the cobwebs that veil his mind, utter astonishment at the impudence of boys in these degenerate times and in the end defeat his deficiently whiskered opponent three to one. Let a young man attempt to make a speech in a municipal or legislative campaign and every gray hair within hearing will curl in anger and every bald spot in that presence will blush at the affront. When the municipal elections come on in many townships, and the polling clerks are being ap-

body is made to feel that it is a sneaking impertinence on his part. Unless he can shame the aspiration of his bosom and relinquish it, he must remove to some spot where he will be taken seriously. To find that spot he usually crosses the border. This is wrong, and this wrong partly accounts for the exodus. It is not infrequent in the neighboring republic to see young men under thirty years nominated for governor of a state, and their youth does not defeat them. It is difficult to suggest a remedy for the condition of things in Canada, but there is too much life-tenure, too much of an office-holding oligarchy. The neck of the bottle is choked up and the contents are turning sour.

Both political parties in Toronto have sustained severe shocks during the past week. That brilliant meteor in the Reform firmament, Bryan Lynch, has quietly erased himself from the empyrean. He has gone and left

bear his authority on his face. The suggested insignia may, at first blush, impress a few over-sensitive people as smacking of the barbaric, but I am sure it is quite as civilized and enlightened as the Custom House espionage which it would regulate and adorn.

The literary event of the period, without any doubt whatever, is the stirring anthem which James L. Hughes has composed for us and crammed down our throats with his school-master's ferule. It is unfortunate that a very creditable composition and a very laudable intention should have been made ridiculous by the manner of their discharge, so to speak. A man may be never so hungry, yet he won't thank you for stuffing a dinner down his throat with your walking stick. We may have been yearning for an anthem to substitute for God Save the Queen and The Maple Leaf Forever, but before throwing these favorites aside we would like to walk around the new one a few

A LESSON IN GEOLOGY.

By ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE

Author of "The Bailiffs and the Bailiff," "A Bank Clerk's Romance," "Legend of the Glen Mill," "Dona Inez," "The Vagaries of Love," Etc.

CHAPTER II.

"Several times on the way I thought of bolting when Dominico wasn't looking; but that time never came, for he was always looking. I am confident that man was a mind reader, for so sure did I prepare myself to dart away on what looked to be a favorable opportunity, so sure did the sharp point of that stiletto come in contact with some feeble part of my anatomy, and my resolution quickly dropped to the region of my boots. The sight of his rifle, carried carelessly across his left arm, also placed a wholesome restraint upon my further actions and I at last decided to go through with the business.

"Dominico said little, but confined his attention to my cigars, treating me with the most complete indifference. He did not know me, evidently, through my disguise.

"When at length, however, we came to what appeared to be the entrance to a narrow gorge, he stopped short and gave a low whistle.

"The answer came like an echo, reverberating among the adjacent hills, and a man, attired very much as Dominico was, appeared from behind a rock and came towards us.

"The two held a whispered consultation, when the second man left us, going in the direction from which we had come, while my quondam guide instructed me to follow the gorge until I came to the end, and then whistle thrice as he had done. Being speechless, I was not quite sure whether it would be the orthodox thing to possess the faculty of whistling, but as it did not seem to occur to my friend the swarthy petty larcenist, I thought I would not dispute the point by pantomime or otherwise.

"I did as I was told, not, however, without making frantic, but futile efforts to scale the sides of the gorge as soon as I got out of Dominico's sight. The third and last time that I attempted to reach a higher stratum of atmosphere, I made a rapid and most undignified descent of about 'eleven' feet, followed by whole tons of scoria, and stratified and irregular-shaped specimens of Italy's heaviest rocks. The law of gravitation was beautifully and most awfully demonstrated, and it must have been a truly interesting and edifying sight to see the celerity with which I endeavored to reach the bottom before the other things, which, had they made better time against my flying anatomical configuration, would have provided me with an excellent natural mausoleum, free of cost."

"Did you fall, Herbert?" enquired Mrs. Varley, with a puzzled though solicitous expression on her countenance.

"Yes, dear aunt, I fell; that's what I meant to say—and when at length I disentangled myself from the debris, I came to the conclusion that life among the banditti for a spell was infinitely preferable to being pounded to death with rocks the size of the Stonehenge fellows. I therefore made my way slowly and painfully to the far end of the gorge, and did as I was requested—whistled three times.

"The signal appeared to act as an open sesame, for a door disclosed itself in what appeared to be a solid dead wall a moment before, and another of the band appeared. I handed him the note, which, after glancing at, he retired, presumably to deliver it to him for whom it was intended.

"He was back in a twinkling, and said roughly:

"Come in and wait."

"I entered, and the mysterious door closed after me with a dull sickening thud, and I knew I was in the stronghold of as villainous a set of cut-throats as can be found this side of Corsica.

"The place was an immense cavern, lighted by three skylights let into the rocky roof above. On one side was a most English-looking fire-place, with a brick chimney clamped to the wall of lava rock. On the walls were numerous trophies of the chase, and trophies of another occupation, less harmless or within the pale of the laws of King Humbert, while on the floor were spread many skins of wild animals.

"In one corner was a writing-desk, set in a good light, in the center a long deal table, while several chairs and empty boxes were scattered around promiscuously.

"What surprised me more than all else was the sight of an American piano, beside which stood a well filled rack of music—Ye gods! These brigands were in the habit of saying 'recherche' in their tastes. They combined the occupation of salting down ransoms and depleting the personal exchequers of lone wayfarers, with an antidotal indulgence in the 'art divine.' They would probably amputate some portion of my anatomy that I could not conveniently spare and then sing 'Vive le Garibaldi, or A che le Morte, as a chorus with pianissimo effects. It would certainly be novel in the extreme; and also painful.

"When I entered perhaps a score of men were lying about or sitting in different parts of the cavern, one group in particular being busily engaged in an all-absorbing game of cards—so interested were they, in fact, that they scarcely noticed our entrance. Some were casting dice at the table, while others again were imbibing generous portions of mild Caprian wine out of colored Florence flasks.

"The brigand lieutenant was one of the card players, and as I approached he turned in his seat and regarded me curiously.

"So, Signor English, you thought to deceive us." "Good heavens! the game is up," I groaned. "But," he continued, "Galvani has a sharp eye and a quick ear, and was one too many for you this time. He says in this note, which is in cypher, 'I send you an Englishman. Guard him well till my return.'"

"But, my dear sir, I am not an Englishman, and I only ventured among the Amalfi hills in search of fossils, don't you know," I ventured in mild protest.

"Si Signor," he replied, with the same incredulous grin that Dominico had favored me with on a former occasion, and which I was becoming somewhat accustomed to by this

time, 'you are now at liberty to spend some time with us in the further study of your pet science. See!' he said, waving his hand grandly around the apartment, 'these walls are admirable geological studies. You will find them, upon examination, to be composed of the most compact kind of lime stone—impregnable, impenetrable, and everlasting. Ha! Ha! Oh, you fool! Yes, I was slowly but surely awaking to the fact that I was more than a fool—I was a perfect idiot to have thought for a moment that Pietro was other than a confederate of these rascals, and I vowed then and there that if I ever met Pietro again I should decline to shake hands with him. Here was a pretty go. I had walked right into the parlor, like the legendary fly did when requested by the traditional spider. I had walked into the lions' den as innocently as a sucking pig, and was now enrolled among the eligible candidates for ransom, or as one whose 'mortal coil' would otherwise be forcibly and violently shaken off. I shivered as I thought of the probable outcome of the whole business. Here it is in a nutshell:

"Send us £1,000 ransom."

"No! Well, then, back goes an ear, which everyone will recognize as that of Herbert Avis, on account of its size—enormous. Still no ransom. Back goes the other ear, and so until the mortal remnants of my anatomical configuration have reached Naples in diamempered sections, the whole ghastly melodrama being climaxed by the arrival of my head, with mustaches nicely trimmed and a pleasant smile upon my pleasant face."

"Oh, Herbert, don't!" cried Mabel, putting her hands before her eyes, as, imagination pictured this gory arrival.

"Yes, Mabel, it was all very fine to contemplate this with my mind's eye, and I then and there decided that it would have been cruel for me to sanction such liberties with my person, and that escape I must, somehow or other.

"I had no wish to saddle a heavy ransom, which I couldn't pay myself, on my long-suffering friend, or anyone else."

"Oh, Mr. Avis, don't speak so!" cried Elsie. "Why, we would have paid every shilling we possessed to have you back among us."

"I know you would, my dear young lady, and that was all the more reason why I wished to save you that inconvenience if possible. Well, I cudgeled my brains to think of some expedient to bring about my release, but met with sorry success, theoretically or otherwise.

"Fortune, however, favors the fool, they say, and the adage held good in this instance as in many others, for by one of those unaccountable flukes that go but to prove the 'eternal fitness of things,' I was, on the morning of the third day, dismissed with a pat on the back and a stick of candy.

"The first night I spent with the brigands they had an impromptu concert, which I was graciously permitted to listen to, and which was, I must confess, fully appreciated.

"Francisco Claro, the lieutenant, turned out to be the pianist, and for an amateur his playing was simply marvelous—the more so that he really used the music. His whole soul seemed to fly to his finger tips. Mendelssohn, Handel, Beethoven and Mozart came in for a share of his attention, interspersed with arias and choruses from the Mikado, Iolanthe, Pinafore, La Mascotte, and the Chimes of Normandy. Sir Arthur Sullivan would undoubtedly have felt highly flattered to know that his brilliant and sparkling operas were sung by a brigand chieftain in his stronghold among the Neapolitan hills, and Mr. Gilbert's bosom would have swelled with pride had he heard the improvised verses that were added to some of his topical songs. Here is a specimen that Francisco Claro tackled on to Koko's well known song, 'I've Got a Little List. He sang it first in excellent English for my benefit, then in Italian, and with a voice that was irreproachable:

"As some day it may happen
That a victim must be found,
I've got a little list,
I've got a little list,
Of society offenders, who might well be underground,
They never would be missed,
They never would be missed,
There's the Duke of Postipo,
And the Bishop of Milano,
And rich old Signor Craggi, at his place in San Stefano,
And the Count of Monte Christo,
On whom the Pope has placed his ban-o,
Who will jinxus in the middle of the springtime if he can-o,
And the Contessa Malfedel,
Who lives at Adriano,
I don't think she'd be missed—
I'm sure she'd not be missed."

"When the applause had ceased, there was a general call for a song from Galvani, the captain of the band.

"The Greek Pirate! Give us The Greek Pirate, captain," they cried.

"At a nod from Galvani, Francisco Claro again turned to the piano and ran his fingers carelessly over the keys. Then the chief sang in a magnificent bass voice a Grecian ballad of the wars, the sentiment of which was most appropriate and almost convinced me that the captain was telling them in song the story of his own life.

"Now hold men all who sit at my table sit,
I promised you a story
That would in no way bore ye,
Of the days before an honest life I quit.
I loved a signorita,
Fatima Alpha Beta;
A pretty Grecian maid she was,
With deep blue eyes,
As cloudless sky,
A girl that all might love with cause."

"Here the voices of the whole band broke forth in the chorus:

"With deep blue eyes,
As cloudless sky,
A girl that all might love with cause."

"Two years or more we lived in perfect peace;
At length when long we'd married,
Eventually we married,
And took a little cottage on the coast."

Her father was a farmer,
While now I donned my armour
In the service of my native Greece,
And with long drawn sighs,
And tears within my eyes,
I left my love to stem the Turkish host."

"Again the wild refrain rang forth, and after every succeeding verse, reverberating through the vaulted chamber like the voices of a male choir in a large cathedral.

"A four years' war, and nearly at an end,
When I asked permission
To sell out my commission,
And homeward my weary steps to wend—
There came a long-lost letter,
'That made me wish the better
That I were loosed and free.
A little girl,
A perfect pearl,
With her mother longed and waited by the sea."

"When home at length I came, when war was at an end,
I felt so gay and merry,
With a heart as light and airy,
As the sails to an honest man send.
I neared the seaside-cottage,
With scarcely once a stoppage,
When—horror! What there did I see!
Beneath the moon
A heap of ruin,
The ashes of our cottage by the sea."

"Yes, brave men all, the Turks had passed by there,
The houses all were riven,
Then to the flames were given,
Corpetto! 'twas more than I could bear.
I thought of wife and daughter,
My eyes turned toward the water,
Ah!—Yes!—A pirate I would be,
And that is why
That you and I
Are the terror of the Aegean Sea."

Chorus:
"And that is why that he and me
Are the reigning terror of Napoli."

"If I hadn't been in a rather peculiar position myself, I would certainly have enjoyed that song, in spite of the unmistakable evidences of outlawry throughout its sentiment. There was a wildness and a weirdness about the whole scene that fairly fascinated me for the time being. The vaulted cavern, with its dimly burning lamps that swung from the ceiling; the piano, and the handsome figure seated thereat; the tall form of the mountain outlaw as he sang with dramatic force, standing at the head of the table with the swarthy-faced bandits gathered around, seated or lying upon skins, their dark eyes glistening in the dim, uncertain light—the whole reminded me of a scene from some opera, and it was not until the men were ordered off to bed, or guard duty, that I became disenchanted.

"Galvani and his men went away on some important expedition next morning, and were backwards and forwards several times without anything having been said with regard to my proposed ransom.

"One night when about one half of the band were away upon a foraging venture, a game of cards was going forward in the 'Cave of the Crow.' Francisco Claro, the lieutenant, was one of the players, as was also Vito Valletto, a late acquisition of the band, and the most sinister-looking of the whole lot.

"Although not allowed to go into the open air, I was permitted to wander at will throughout the stronghold, and was at that moment sitting upon a biscuit box at Vito Valletto's elbow, watching the game with interest.

"The game had at first been rather quiet, but now an animated dispute arose, and things were beginning to look lively to say the least.

"Valletto had been losing straight along at first, but now suddenly struck a run of unusual luck and was in high feather in consequence. He even chaffed the others, especially Claro, on their want of skill.

"Claro resented this, as coming from an inferior, and hinted at crooked play, whereat Valletto sprang to his feet with an oath and grasped his knife.

"Diavolo," he hissed, 'do you mean to say I cheat?'

"I do," replied the lieutenant as he coolly lighted a cigar without moving from his seat. 'It is not the first time, by many, I should fancy, Vito amico.'

"The other became pale with baffled rage, whilst Claro continued to taunt him mockingly and with the utmost nonchalance.

"The next time," continued Claro, 'that we sit down to a game, friend Vito, we shall use my cards. Among them there are only four kings, whilst in this set there are five, one of them having been concealed up your sleeve—you believe in both quality and quantity, I see, and it is highly commendable in everything almost, save cards.'

"Valletto had returned his knife to his belt, but now, goaded to fury, and without a moment's warning, he whipped out a revolver and fired point blank at the smiling lieutenant. As things waxed warmer I had risen from my seat upon a biscuit box and stood watching the combatants with some perturbation. At the moment when Valletto fired I instinctively shot out my right arm, to which was attached my flat—it was more from being startled than aught else—but as luck, or a kind of providence, would have it, the same flat came full on to the muscular part of Valletto's sword-arm, deflecting the course of his murderous bullet, with the result that, instead of having now to record a tragedy, there really was simply a dull thud, as the conical section of cold lead flattened itself against the opposite wall.

"Everyone was so astonished at Valletto's temerity and Claro's miraculous escape that for the space of five seconds the silence was so great that it might have been impaled upon a pitchfork.

"Claro was the first to recover himself. Cool as ever, but with a tightening of the lips, he said sternly:

"You would shoot me, would you? You attempted to, and are aware of the penalty. Seize him, my men, and away with him to the Fox's hole, where he can kill time until Galvani's return."

"Valletto made no attempt at resistance, but was led quietly away. I noticed, however, that his face was pale, possibly caused by a lively anticipation of coming punishment. They took him through a small door, that led I know not where, and where he was confined or what was his punishment I never found out, nor did I make any attempt to pry into their secrets. I had too lively a sense of my

own danger and the uncertainty that enveloped my ultimate fate.

"I was now alone with the brigand lieutenant, but he said never a word, not even glancing in my direction where I sat disconsolately on an upturned biscuit box, with my chin resting in my hands and my eyes following his every movement.

"Presently, having finished his cigar, he threw the remains into the glowing embers in the fire-place and left the cave through the door that led into the gorge.

"Two hours later, the remnants of the band having again settled themselves at cards, Galvani and his men returned, and I went to bed in no very enviable frame of mind.

"Next morning a surprise awaited me, for as I was about to sit down to my breakfast of macaroni and goat's milk, Galvani, who was present, said, addressing me:

"Signor, my lieutenant, Claro, tells me that you have been the means of saving his life, and asks that you be released as a small token of his gratitude. Your cool decision (ye gods!) certainly saved him from Valletto's bullet."

"Signor Galvani, I thank you, and also Signor Claro, I replied, bowing, and with just a tinge of excitement in my voice.

"Dominico will guide you to Pietro's hut," he continued, 'where you will find your clothes, as you left them; but beware of ever again attempting to deceive Galvani. So go, and adieu, Signor.'

"Adieu, Signor," said Claro, coming forward, 'and thank you.'

"I made my hasty adieux to everyone in sight, and lost no time in following the stoical Dominico down the mountain side to Pietro's hut, where I tumbled into my usual habiliments and lit out for Naples, not, however, before Dominico, with a laugh, handed me back my cigar-case, actually filled with fragrant legittimados.

"And now here I am back, safe and sound, among you. I have read many blood-curdling romances of Italian brigands, and often thought it would be a grand thing to go and visit them, with purely philanthropic intentions, but I now assure you most emphatically that it will be a cold, cold day in August with snow on the ground before I ever again venture into the vicinity of the Amalfi quarry on a still hunt for geological specimens."

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Wedding and Other Finery.

CALLING costumes are worn by guests at morning weddings, as all day-weddings are called, whether they take place at twelve o'clock, at one, or at half-past three, the hours now most fashionable. The bride's mother wears silver-gray ben galine, or satin of a pinkish-pearl tint lightly brocaded, the round waist elaborately trimmed with lace, the skirt not too full and just touching the floor, the whole completed by an extremely small bonnet of white guipure and flowers, with a white net veil and pearl-colored gloves. A dog-collar of several rows of pearls, and a square brooch of emeralds and diamonds worn to fasten the belt, were the jewels of a rich pearl satin costume. Younger matrons of the family, the bride's sisters and cousins, wear the lightest spring toilettes, and with their children in white muslin frocks or boys in sailor suits, come trooping into church just before the stately mother of the bride arrives. Gray is again a favorite with these elegant young women, but is always associated with a gayer color, as a waist and sleeves of pink chiffon trimmed with white guipure and a ruffled skirt of gray taffeta, or else a belted blouse of yellow gauze with skirt of gray dotted silk, the tiny bonnet a mere border of white guipure, with pins of colored stones, aigrettes, and branching antennae that nod on their stems.

A pale blue gauze waist with revers and skirt of light heliotrope surah, or dresses of Nile-green or lilac silk, with pink mousseline waist nearly covered with ecru lace, are fashionable contrasts of color, but vivid shades of green and violet are being abandoned. Ombré surahs and the rainbow satins form full floors of waists, or else a wide girdle on gowns of most delicate colors. China taffetas and silks brocaded with tiny dots, Maltese crosses, or fleurs-de-lis, may have quite plain skirts, or else ruffles of ribbon or gauze at the knee, or be ruffled to the waist, as the wearer chooses. Shot silks and surahs are made, according to the new fancy, with three narrow ruffs about the hips, the skirt falling full and plain below, and the Spanish flounce; the double and triple skirt are seen everywhere, and in all light dressy fabrics. Crepons in mauve and pale gray are brightened with color, and black silk crepons have a deep square yoke of white guipure, with strands of jet beads of graduated sizes swinging below in a half-circle, or festooned from the shoulders in front and back. The black toilettes are among the handsomest seen, those of black satin with circular flounce trimmed with jet galloon, and others of figured grenadine for the skirt and its Spanish flounce, the waist and sleeves of chiffon gathered very full and banded with ecru guipure insertions. The latter dress, worn as light mourning by one of the most beautiful women of the season, a tall brunette with brilliant color in lips and cheeks, is completed by a small bonnet of branching jets, and a short cape, scarcely reaching to the elbow, of black satin fully gathered and overlaid with a ruff of Chantilly lace. The round hats worn by girls and young women at church and at receptions make the scene blossom like a flower garden, but the hats are not very large; indeed, they are scarcely of medium size, the appearance of size being given by their trimming of long-stemmed flowers posed amid high and broad loops of lace or of ribbon.

Long coats of black satin or of Muscovite repped silk with broad full revers and collar-ette edged with ecru guipure insertion, are in great favor with women of fashion. They are cut very full in the back below the waist, and have enormous sleeves. Most picturesque coats of brocades and plain satin are somewhat in Directorate fashion, with *incroyable* revers, or else they slope away to disclose a Louis Quatorze vest of very rich embroidery on white satin. Newer wraps are fash mantles of gray or ecru bengaline trimmed with box-pleated ruffles of velvet of a contrasting color, as violet on gray, and green on ecru. For summer use are white guipure peleries that reach just to the elbow, made of a flat yoke of the lace over yellow, green or pink surah lining, and a full deep flounce of lace below caught up on each shoulder by a satin ribbon *chou*. A ruche of lace surrounds the neck. A youthful and pretty model for India silk dresses is shown in pale pink with dashes of black. The round waist, hooked in the back, is shirred in five or six rows above a cord at the waist-line. The fulness of this waist is then gathered to a deep square yoke, reaching low down on the armholes, made of three crosswise rows of black velvet ribbon an inch wide alternating with insertions of Chantilly lace a trifle wider. This yoke rests on the pink silk fitted lining, and has a high collar band of velvet. The sleeves have a full short puff of silk reaching only halfway to the elbow, and the remainder below, close fitting and transparent, is made of six rows of the velvet ribbon and insertion. The skirt, escaping the ground, has a foundation of pink taffeta silk with foot flounce and balay-ese, but no stiffening. The top is covered to the knee with three breadths of the India silk, close fitting in bell shape, and below is a flounce of six breadths shirred three times at the top to divide it into two puffs, each four inches wide. To border this pretty flounce are two rows of the black velvet ribbon with insertion between.

Have you seen the Looking Backward bonnet? I caught a glimpse of one in Sitt's show-rooms one day this week; such a pretty and fetching combination of black and yellow. The bonnet, or hat, is of tulle or lisse over a wire shape, and the yellow cowslip wreath under the brim begins over each ear and runs across the back and down a wired velvet on each side of the chignon, forming a horseshoe of bloom which seems made to encircle a bonnie baby face. This being on the back of the bonnet has suggested its name.

Among the new and pretty things in the shops are Dalmatian belts, which are really only half belts, as they only cross the back, made of imitation silver or gilt in open scroll design, and sewed on a belt ribbon of satin that is tied in front with long hanging ends.

These are to be worn with any round waist, and will be particularly effective with summer gowns of organdy or batiste, or with thin black dresses of crepon or grenadine. Fichus in Marie Antoinette style crossing in front on the chest and meeting at the waist-line in the back are made of Liberty's thin silks of pale blue or pink, and edged with two ruffs of white point *applique* lace, or of the butter-colored Mechlin. These can be used to furnish up an untrimmed dress waist, or one partly worn left over from last year. White parasols promise to be most used with elaborate toilettes when warm weather makes them useful. They are made of gauze or chiffon over silk, finished with a flounce of the same, and are mounted on white enameled sticks that may have a Dresden handle or one inlaid with silver. Green net veils are commanded in the shops, but as yet are not more generally adopted than were the violet veils of last season.

Individualities.

Emily Lawless, a brilliant Irish novelist whose *Grania* has received very high praise, is extremely ill, and is not likely to ever write again.

One of Charlotte Brontë's most intimate friends, Miss Mary Taylor—the Rose Yorke of Shirley and the M. of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*—has just died at the age of seventy-six.

The English Horticultural College reports that several applications have been received for women head gardeners, and one for a woman to take entire charge of conservatories and greenhouses.

There is to be a series of addresses delivered at the World's Fair on the influence of women in the various professions. Miss Julia Marlowe has been selected to deliver the address on Woman's Influence on the Stage.

Ex-President Harrison has accepted a professorship in the Leland Stanford University of California. He will deliver a series of lectures on Constitutional law, commencing in October next. He has had the matter under consideration for some time.

A woman graphologist of New York, who claims to average forty dollars a week, says that nine-tenths of her correspondents are men. This art, if such it may be called, is of French origin, and the perfected system has been ascribed to Desbarrolles, the author of the well known work on palmistry.

Roland Reed and a friend, out for a stroll, passed through a graveyard, and the comedian read on a tombstone: "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man." Turning to his friend, Roland innocently wondered why they had buried those two fellows in the same grave.

Paderewski announces that he admires American institutions. If some of the young ladies who rave so wildly over him could see him at the Windsor Hotel in his shirt sleeves, with a cigar in his mouth, playing a game of billiards in the company of his friends, their imaginative fancy would receive a shock.

Two young ladies, Miss Marian Murdock and Miss Buck, at present attending the Oxford Theological Seminary in England, have been asked to come to Unity church, Cleveland, Ohio, and take entire charge of the church work there. The ladies have been school-teachers in this country, and they say they will not be separated in their church work.

Mascagni, the Italian composer, who has been lionized by Berlin society, was invited to the most exclusive homes in the city, and was presented to the Emperor and Empress. His Imperial Majesty conferred upon him the Order of the Crown, third class. A more doubtful honor was that of receiving over a thousand requests for his autograph, all graciously complied with.

The Before Breakfast Club of Georgia was organized last August and has for its object the recognition of the rights of farmers' wives. Each farmer subscribing to the club pledges himself to set apart a certain portion of his farm, the product of which becomes a private purse for the wife. This sort of a club would give enfranchisement to a large number of wives who are suffering from financial bondage.

Athens, Georgia, is the fortunate possessor of a Ladies' Garden Club, which, although organized less than a year ago, has already held two large exhibitions. Its membership, including both the society leaders of the city and the wives of the working men, is large and enthusiastic. During the November exhibition the railroad offered rates and the merchants made special bargains and attractions. This club will do good.

It is a long while since New York society has been plucked fuller and fairer in the organs of vision than it was on April 13 by the Honorable Rupert Cecil Craven, when he appeared as best man in a pink shirt at a morning wedding at Grace church. When the groom is an earl and the bride a sweet sixteen, only a best man who is a complete master of his business can hope to figure as the radiant center of the occasion. Such a best man the Hon. Rupert demonstrated himself to be.

Word comes via Louisville, Kentucky, that Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro is writing an autobiography of her stage life, and wants recollections of her early *debuts* and dramatic experiences from friends who remember them. The simplest and most effectual way for Mrs. Navarro to get a complete set of material for an autobiography would be to induce the dramatic editor of the *Tribune* to publish his reminiscences. If that method is followed it is possible that an approach to justice may be done to the subject, which cannot be hoped for if so modest an artist as Mrs. Navarro relies on what she can remember herself.

After a severe illness of several months, Lucy Larcom passed away on Monday, April 17. The charm and grace of her writings have made her name a household word all over the land. Lucy Larcom was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1826. For her own pleasure she began to write stories and poems at the early age of seven. Her collections of poems and stories all breathe a sweetness that is characteristic of the woman who wrote them. All the famous writers of New England have been counted as her friends, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Celia Thaxter, and Louise Chandler Moulton among the women.



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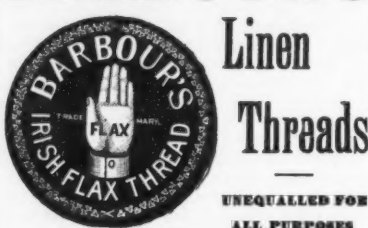
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Social and Personal.

Colonel and Mrs. R. B. Hamilton celebrated their crystal wedding on Saturday evening of last week. This interesting anniversary is one of the prettiest of the different celebrations which occur at intervals in the life of every married couple and marks the completion of fifteen years of wedded life. The many friends of the Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton testified their esteem by numerous and beautiful gifts of cut glass and every dainty device in crystal, and the hospitable home at 22 Earl street was filled with a merry assembly of young people, who spent a delightful evening there. A noticeable guest was Mrs. Gibbs of Oshawa, who is visiting Mrs. Henry Thompson of Madison avenue. This charming visitor was beautifully gowned in heliotrope and white brocade, and looked very handsome. Mrs. Harry Pellatt was in a lovely pale pink silk. Among the young folks present I remarked: Miss Wedd, sweetly coiffed, and dressed in pale blue and black; Miss Steen and her sister, Miss Chrissie, bright and piquante, in black with gold colored ribbons, and pale green respectively; Miss McVittie, in a delicate pink frock; Miss Arksey in *vuez* rose satin and brocade; Miss Robinson, in a pretty yellow satin bedice and light skirt, and many other dames and damsels daintily gowned and full of every good wish for their host and hostess.

The Victoria Dramatic Club gave a delightful evening of dramatic and concert entertainments followed by a dance, on Friday evening of last week in St. George's Hall. The drama was admirably put on the boards, and was much appreciated by those present. Mr. Harry Strickland's make-up was simply immense, and he and Mr. Norrie acted excellently. Mr. McCord also did credit to his club, but perhaps needed a little perfecting in his lines. Miss Preston and Miss Vivian were graceful and *chic* in appearance and action. The concert was very pleasing. Mrs. Birchall looked well in a simple and elegantly fitting white frock, and sang in her usual sweet and charming manner. Those dear little maids from self—Misses Connie and Edith Jarvis and Edith Howard—were loudly encored. Miss Jardine-Thompson was prevented by illness from singing. The gentlemen who took part were: Messrs. Wilson, Watkins, Steward, Fairweather, and Carlisle. Mr. Carlisle's personation of a soprano soloist brought down the house. After the concert, the hall was quickly cleared for a dance, to the piano playing of Mrs. Earsman, who is most delightful in time and most tasteful in choice of music. Among the dancers I remarked: Miss Marie MacDonald, in a pretty pink gown; Miss Yda Milligan, in white; Miss Kelly, in pale pink and white Irish lace; Mrs. Hardwell, in white; Mrs. J. F. Pringle, in black and pink; Miss Gordon, in pale green; Miss Featherstonhaugh, in black and gold.

An enthusiastic audience greeted Miss Jessie Alexander in the Pavilion on Friday evening of last week. Miss Alexander shows no signs of ill effects from her serious illness, but is as bright and winsome as of old, and while in her lighter and playful selections she was charming, many were glad to hear her dramatic and intense she could show herself in her selection from Maurice Thompson's *Claudius and Cynthia*, in which she held her audience breathless. Miss Alexander was gracefully robed in a soft, clinging pink gown, of classic contour, and was during the evening the recipient of a lovely floral offering.

The fine concert given by the Damrosch Orchestra and the Vocal Society on Thursday evening of last week brought together a very *chic* audience. Everyone was more than charmed with the singing and the playing, and the Vocal Society may take credit for a most successful and high class concert. Among the audience were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in shell pink and cream lace; Miss Kirkpatrick, in dove gray; Mrs. J. K. Kerr, in black; Mrs. S. Nordheimer, in delicate pale green; Mrs. Plummer, in light silk and dark velvet; Mrs. Hebben, in bright fawn with dainty butterfly chiffon ruffles; Miss Goodenham of Waverley, in bright *cerise*, with poucinello frill on *berthe*; Mrs. Fleming, in pale blue and white lace; Mrs. Edward Cox, in black, with a smart little bow of scarlet in her hair; Mrs. Fraser MacDonald, in white silk; Mrs. Arthur Croil, in a becoming white frock; Mrs. J. D. Hay, in pink; Miss Hendrie, in *eau de Nile*; Mrs. Sweetnam, in a pretty light gown; Misses Dora and Madge Goodenham, in pretty pale blue and white frocks; Mrs. Brush, in golden yellow; Mrs. J. B. Hall, in *vuez* rose, with steel passementerie. Others present were: Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Mr. and Miss Wilkie, Messrs. Laurie, S. and A. Nordheimer, J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Mrs. George Dickson and party, Mrs. Backer, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Miss Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Eliza and Mr. Benjamin, Mrs. Henry Bourlier, Mr. and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Mrs. and Miss Smith, Mrs. George MacDonald and Mrs. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Irving, the Misses MacMurchy, and many other well known people in the social and musical circles of Toronto. The Vocal Society numbers some very pretty ladies among its fair members, and they looked unusually bright and bonnie the evening of their last concert.

Mr. W. H. Beatty has returned from a pleasant holiday in Washington and other American cities.

The Comus Club, who rejoice in having won every match of the past season in which they have engaged, defeated the Toronto Rowing Club at Pedro on Saturday evening at a card party held in the club rooms of the Rowing Club. The return match will be played this evening at the Comus Club rooms, Yonge street Arcade.

The Lady members of the Woman's Advisory Council of the World's Fair, appointed here, leave for Chicago by C. P. R. special car the latter part of next week. The woman's convention opens on Monday, May 15.

Mr. J. Fraser MacDonald has returned from a visit to Scotland.

The marriage of Mr. William C. Bell, only son of the late William Houghton Bell, and Miss Lillian Warner took place early on Satur-

day morning last. Owing to illness in Mr. Bell's family the wedding was a quiet affair, none but the immediate family being present. The happy couple received a great many dainty gifts, among them being a magnificent silver service from Messrs. C. M. Taylor & Co., where Mr. Bell has been employed on the staff of travelers for a number of years, and from his fellow-employees a handsome secretary, testifying their high esteem for the newly wedded pair.

Mr. William Muldrew of Huron street was presented with a handsomely engraved gold-headed cane on the seventy-third anniversary of his birthday.

Mrs. F. B. Allan and family of Markham street are visiting Mrs. James Allan of Perth.

To-night the 48th Highlanders' band will play Mrs. Gerald Donaldson's composition, *Village Beauty waltz*, at the Victoria Rink band concert.

H. Corby, M.P., of Belleville, was in the city this week.

Mr. S. Wesley of the *Barrie Advance* was in town last Tuesday.

Miss Crawford of Barrie is visiting friends in the city.

The Gwynne Literary Society held their quarterly meeting on Friday evening of last week at the residence of Mr. A. A. Craig, Collier street. I noticed present: Rev. W. J. Maxwell, Mr. W. W. Mills, Messrs. Conley and Bevis of Victoria College, and Misses Mills, Bronnell, Wilson and Coulter. Mr. James Wood occupied the chair during the evening. A very choice programme was rendered by the members, consisting of papers and readings; also Misses Coulter, Mills and Barton contributed selections, instrumental and vocal, which were greatly appreciated. The reading by Miss Whitesides greatly delighted the audience. A very well argued debate also formed part of the programme, which added to the evening's enjoyment, the subject being: "Resolved, that the hope of reward has more influence on the human conduct than the fear of punishment," which was supported by Messrs. Reesor and Hurlbert, while Messrs. A. Abernethy and S. A. Paterson replied. The affirmative, however, successfully presented the question. Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Bronnell and Mrs. Anderson acted as judges.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Boyd of Tacoma avenue sail for England on the steamship *Sardinian* of the Allan Line, on Saturday, to be gone two months.

Mrs. Robertson of Summerhill avenue sails for England on the steamship *Sardinian* on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gooderham have returned from a visit to Chicago.

The Children's Flower Cantata, under the direction of Mr. Webster, will take place on May 15 in Broadway Hall, under the auspices of the Toronto College of Music.

A halo of interest accompanies the annual gathering of "man's best friend" at the Granite Rink on Friday and Saturday next, under the auspices of the Toronto Kennel Club. The opening ceremonies will be performed by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Col. Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, K. C. M. G., A. D. C., to the Queen, patrons of the club. The affair promises to be one of the most fashionable events of the season, and it is confidently expected, as in American cities, that the *culte* of the city will lend its patronage. The majority of the canines present will form the Canadian exhibit at the World's Fair, Chicago, in June. The Dog Show has the honor of opening the live stock department of the World's Columbian Exposition. At the Toronto show, in addition to the premiums offered in the various classes, special prizes will be awarded to the lady showing the best dog and to the owner of the three best trick or performing dogs. The fair sex in Canada lack the courage to bench their canine companions. At the Westminster Kennel Club Show, New York city, hundreds of lady exhibitors manifest as keen interest in their doggy pets as do the gentlemen. Groups of lovely women cluster together and discuss "pedigree" and "good points" with an ease and fluency that send the most experienced old dog man off to some corner, utterly crushed with the realization of his own hopeless inferiority. Canaries and parrots are relegated to the past; it is the reign of great Dane and mastiff. Rosy lips that once chirped sweetly to feathered pets now chorus the well known cry, "Mamma, won't you buy me a bow-wow-wow!"

Mr. Gerald Donaldson sings at Hespeler on May 24.

I am told that the marriage of Mr. Bert Thompson and Miss Nettie Williams will take place about the middle of June.

Professor and Mrs. Keys of Avenue road gave a most delightful progressive euchre party on Friday evening, April 28, in honor of Miss Florence Keys, who has recently returned from Bryn Mawr College, Philadelphia. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Dr. Needler, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, Mr. Square, Mr. McLellan, Mr. and Mrs. Smoke, Mr. and the Misses Burns, Mr. and Miss Kennedy, Dr. and Mrs. Grey, Mr. J. Martin, Mr. Chisholm, Dr. Milner, Mr. and Miss Milner, Miss Reesor, Mr. and Mrs. Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Dr. McCallum, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, and Mr. Jeffrey.

On Monday evening Dr. Ryerson, M.P.P., gave a dinner at the Toronto Club in honor of Hon. J. C. Pattison, Minister of Militia and President of the Conservative Union of Ontario. Those invited to meet the hon. gentleman were: Hon. Frank Smith, Dr. Montague, M.P., G. R. Cockburn, M.P., K. Coatsworth, M.P., W. F. McLean, M.P., Col. F. C. Denison, C.M.G., M.P., W. R. Meredith, M.P.P., E. F. Clarke, M.P.P., G. W. Monk, M.P.P., E. F. Clancy, M.P.P., Wm. McCleary, M.P.P., J. P. Whitney, M.P.P., Dr. Preston, M.P.P., A. F. Wood, M.P.P., Dr. Willoughby, M.P.P., G. F. Marler, M.P.P., Dr. Creighton, R. Armstrong, W. D. McPherson, J. A. Worrell, Q.C., C. H.

Ritchie, Q.C., C. E. Ryerson, John Small, R. Birmingham and L. P. Kriebe.

Miss Amy Ince has accepted a theatrical engagement in the States.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thompson of Madison avenue intend celebrating their crystal wedding this month.

Miss Lottie Wood is visiting in Owen Sound.

Miss Knowlson of Lindsay is in town, visiting Mrs. Spotten of Huron street.

Miss Dumble of Cobourg has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Lonsdale Capreol. Mrs. Capreol has been receiving visitors on Fridays for the past fortnight. She wore an elegant reception gown of pale blue crepon, trimmed with sable tails, and enormous tulle sleeves and neck garniture. This novel, stylish costume was much admired by her numerous visitors.

Mrs. D'Eynecourt Strickland received last week. Euclid avenue was blocked with carriages, and large numbers of stylish people paid their devours to the bonnie bride.

One of the most lovely brides ever seen in Toronto was Miss Bertha Grantham, who was married in St. Simon's church last Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock to Mr. William E. Thompson, the rector of St. Simon's, the Rev. T. C. Street Macklem, performing the ceremony. Miss Grantham wore a bridal gown of rich white satin made simply in a long-trained skirt, and bodice bordered with orange flowers and myrtle, a tulle veil, and a wreath of orange blossoms and myrtle. She was attended by two *petite* maids of honor, little Misses Grantham and Thompson, who wore very pretty Mother Hubbard frocks of white silk and grannie hats of shirred muslin. The bridesmaids were Miss Fanny Shanklin and Miss Amy Lsing, who were dressed in white Bedford cord costumes, with very becoming white picture hats trimmed with lace and pink roses. They carried enormous bouquets of lovely pink roses. Mr. Arthur Grantham, brother of the bride, was best man, and the bridal group was completed by Messrs. W. Burritt and W. Thompson, who also acted as bride's ushers. After the ceremony the guests and wedding party adjourned to the residence of the bride's parents, Church street, where the *dejeuner* was served and warm congratulations and good wishes showered on the happy bridegroom and his charming bride. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs of Oshawa. Mrs. Gibbs wore a very *chic* gown of delicate silver heliotrope, with small heliotrope bonnet; Mrs. Henry Thompson was becomingly gowned in a rich silk with a garniture of mauve and cream, and a dainty cream and black bonnet; Mrs. Beau Jarvis wore black and heliotrope and a large hat; Mrs. Cecil Lee was prettily gowned in rainbow striped silk, with a large black chip *chapeau*; Miss Josie Gooderham was in a gray costume in changeable pink and pearl tints; Mrs. James Grace looked well in a buttercup yellow costume with hat and parasol to match; Miss Gertrude Thompson, of Dorwent Lodge, was very daintily dressed in white serge, with large white hat; Mrs. Russell Snow wore a very stylish gray gown with sleeves and garniture of shot velvet. A number of other equally handsome gowns were much admired. Among others present I remarked: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ince and the Misses Ince, Mrs. and Miss Maule, Chevalier and Mrs. Thompson, and Miss Mulock. A large number of elegant presents in silver, china, glass and jewels were sent by friends in Toronto and various other cities.

In my notice of Mr. Alfred Peuchen and Miss Thomson's marriage last week, I inadvertently stated that Mr. John Peuchen, brother of the groom, was the donor of a handsome case of silver. I should have said that Mr. John Thomson, brother of the bride, on account of whose illness the wedding was quite private, presented his sister with the above gift.

Mrs. Lines and Mrs. Hector Lamont have returned from a delightful visit to Chatham, where they were the guests of Mrs. I. L. Nicholls.

On Thursday evening of last week an interesting wedding took place in old St. Andrew's church, being the marriage of Mr. Percy J. M. Horrocks of the Consumers' Gas Co. and Miss Carrie Norton Shaw of St. Catharines. The pastor, Rev. G. M. Milligan, performed the ceremony. The bride wore a gown of heavy corded silk, trimmed with orange blossoms and myrtle, and a tulle veil. The bridesmaids, three in number, were Miss Lily Ellis, Miss Maud Proctor and Miss Olive Walker. Sister of the bride was Miss Addie Shaw, sister of the bride. They wore most becoming dresses of yellow and white crepe and picture hats of crepe to match. The best man was Mr. Trevor J. Horrocks, brother of the bridegroom. Mr. W. Moore of Dundas and Master Charlie Band escorted the bridesmaids. The duty of ushers was performed by Messrs. M. E. Lake, Frank Maclean, W. H. Bunting, Charles Catto, W. Douglas, G. W. Grote, George Boulter and W. B. Taylor. About four score guests attended the reception and *dejeuner* at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Band, 256 Wellesley street, which was charmingly decorated with flowers and ferns. The menu was served by Webb and music sweetly discoursed by an orchestra. During the evening a large number of handsome gifts were admired by the guests, among which were a handsome bronze clock from the employees of the Gas company, a set of Billeek china, several water-color paintings, silver dishes, vases and souvenir spoons, a handsome dinner service, an elegant luminous clock, a desk, some very dainty embroidery and a silver filigree necklace. Mr. and Mrs. Horrocks left for Chicago at 11 o'clock p.m. On their return they will reside at 570 Sherbourne street. The invited guests were: Mr. A. E. Matthews, Mr. and Miss Morton, Rev. G. M. Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. T. Murray, Mr. Frank Maclean, Mr. W. Moore, Dundas; Mr. and Mrs. A. McMahon, Kingston; Mrs. Della McPherson, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. James A. Proctor, Miss M. Proctor, Messrs. Bert and Ernest Proctor, Mr. G. Parker, Mr. W. K. Pattison, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. Rostron, Stockport, Eng.; Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Buffalo, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. C. Rordan, Miss Rordan, Mrs. Ramsay, Mr. and

Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, Mrs. T. Shaw, Messrs. Alex. and Ernest Shaw, Miss Addie Shaw, Miss Shaw, St. Catharines; Mr. and Mrs. George Shaw, Victoria, B.C.; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shaw, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Walter Shaw, Chicago; Mr. Albert Shaw, Victoria, B.C.; Miss Sevey, Canton, Mass.; Mr. W. B. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Towner, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Walker, Mr. W. H. Worden, Dr. Wakefield, Mr. H. C. Woodruff, St. Catharines; Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Baird, Mr. G. Boulter, Dr. and Mrs. Burritt, Miss Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Miss Bunting and Mr. W. Bunting, Mr. M. Briggs, Mr. J. R. Band, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Band, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Burritt, Denver, Col.; Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Catto, Miss Catto, and Mr. C. Catto, Mr. H. Collier, St. Catharines, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Croft, Miss Julia Cleveland, Erie, Pa.; Mr. Frank Coleman, Mr. G. Downes, Mr. W. J. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Ellis, Mr. James E. Ellis, Mr. Norman Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis, Mrs. Wm. and Miss Ellis, Mr. F. Edwards, Winnipeg; Mr. G. W. Grote, Miss A. Gilbert, Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. E. Horrocks, Mr. J. B. Henderson, Paris, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jones, Stockport, Eng.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Johnston, New York; Mr. J. N. King, St. Catharines; Mr. E. M. Lake, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Langtry, Mr. and Mrs. P. Whitmore, Niagara; Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff, Niagara Falls; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Walker, Miss Olive Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Cesare Marani are settled in their new home in British Columbia.

A concert is to be held in St. Stephen's school-house on May 15, which promises to be of musical excellence. Miss Pauline Johnson and a number of talented amateurs will compose the attractions.

Miss Georgia Houghton, who has been ill all winter, is better and is able to be out again.

The At Home in Murray's Hall on Tuesday evening last, given by Mr. H. and Miss Jenner of Northcote avenue, to the members of the Ixion Yacht Club, was a delightful success. About two hundred and fifty guests were present. The Ixions were in uniform, and their dark suits, with gold lace, made a charming foil to the brilliant hues of the ladies' dresses. Miss Jenner was in Nile green and wore the Ixion's colors, and also those of the West Association and Toronto Bicycle Clubs; Mrs. L. P. Kriebe, rich black silk; Mrs. Clemmer of Toronto Junction, old gold satin; Mrs. A. Jenner of Toronto Junction, black and geranium pink; Mrs. O. Jenner, black and pale blue; Miss A. Crummer, magnificent black lace, embroidered with yellow flowers; Miss Rutten, yellow silk; Mrs. Phillips, white silk; Mrs. Taylor, heliotrope, and Mrs. Workman, pink satin and diamonds. One of the most admired costumes was worn by a brunette—rich white silk, profusely trimmed with masses of large buttercups. There were several charming *debutantes* in the daintiest of dainty dresses. The hall was handsomely decorated and the orchestra were almost hidden behind a mass of oars, sweeps, paddles and Union Jacks. Mr. H. Jenner was in full commodore dress, and he and his charming sister did all in their power to promote the pleasure and enjoyment of their guests.

Miss Mary Keegan, a talented young Canadian actress, who during the past season has been playing at the Globe Theatre, London, England, is at present on a visit with her friends in this city. Miss Keegan will return to England in time to resume her engagements at the opening of the season next fall.

The Rosedale Lawn Tennis Club held their annual meeting on Wednesday evening last. President C. A. Hirschfelder in the chair. The meeting was large and enthusiastic. The report showed the club to be very flourishing, with a good cash balance. In the many matches contested during the season the club more than held their own. The following officers were elected for the coming year: Hon. president, H. M. Blackburn; president, C. A. Hirschfelder; vice-president, A. J. R. Snow; secretary-treasurer, A. C. McMaster; committee, P. J. Wilson, H. J. Martin, D. M. Sanson and F. Anderson. A high tribute was paid to the retiring secretary-treasurer, Mr. F. Ardagh, for his efficient services during the past year.

A very pretty and interesting ceremony took place on Wednesday morning at the Church of the Ascension, when Rev. R. Dan Carmichael of Montreal, assisted by Rev. H. Gravett Baldwin, rector of the church, united in the

Continued on Page Thirteen.

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Picton-on-Quinte.



RUMORS for some time past that the picturesque and unique town upon an arm of the Bay of Quinte was about to awake from a social Rip Van Winklesnap, were confirmed when a fortnight ago over two hundred invitations from "the gentlemen of Picton" were issued there, and to the 'ille of Kingston, Belleville, Trenton and Napanee. On Wednesday, April 26, the culmination of the indefatigable efforts of the stewards was reached in a ball at the Hotel Royal, which for beauty, brilliance and completeness of arrangement exceeded all expectations. To the entrancing strains of Gilonna's orchestra, till the first faint streaks of our spring dawn, the raging storm without unheeded, the votaries of Terpsichore, in whose art the belles and beaux of our fair town are unexcelled, tripped on. The decorations, under the supervision of Messrs. Wilmot and Boring, by their simple elegance were designed in every way to enhance the brilliance of the costumes, which were further magnified by the red and gold uniforms of our gallant military neighbors. The supper was from the unsurpassed Harry Webb and was not the least enjoyable feature of the evening. The lady patronesses were: Mesdames Hepburn, Merrill, Taylor, Shannon, Widdfield, and Gurlay. Stewards—Messrs. Widdfield, Shannon, Melrose, Taylor, Wilmot, R. D. Bond, Brent, Fraser, and Boring, with Mr. Prunty as hon. secretary, to whose untiring efforts much of the success of the ball was due. Where all were fair it would be impossible to individualize, but I must mention some of those of whom admiring comments were universally heard. Mrs. Lasier of Belleville was most stately in an exquisite gown of pale salmon pink with brown tulle sleeves, hand embroidered with flowers in their natural colors and each design outlined with seed pearls; Mrs. Mackenzie of Trenton, most becomingly gowned in shell pink brocade; Mrs. Prunty of Napanee, whose divine dancing and thorough popularity ensured her a crowded programme; Miss Clements of Kingston, whose perfect figure in the mazy windings of the dance fully exemplified the poetry of motion, was in silvery pink satin, with white lace; Miss Rathbun of Deseronto, in cream silk cut *a la grec* and wonderfully suited to the wearer; Miss Proctor of Brighton, looking brilliantly handsome in white silk and lace; Mrs. William Shannon, wife of our popular manager of the Standard bank, never appeared more charming than in a gown of ashes of roses silk with rose velvet trimming; Mrs. F. Williams-Taylor, whose stately beauty was never more admired, in a *chic* gown of cream brown and old blue striped Louis leige silk, brown velvet sleeves, trimmed with superb liontail lace; Mrs. Wright, wife of one of our principal M.D.s, wore a pearl-gray gown with sleeves of deep rose velvet, a combination which set off her brunette grace to perfection; Mrs. Horace Willocks, daughter of our able mayor, looked bewitchingly fair and piquante in a frock of white silk; Miss Shannon, in an Empire costume of palest pink satin with filmy white lace, appeared exquisitely dainty and radiant; Miss Merrill, our clever hostess, whose talent is only equaled by her beauty, in cream silk with red roses; Miss Helen Kirby, whose decidedly English style of beauty shone brightly even amid that of our Canadian belles, in pale green silk with cream lace; Miss Alcorn, the sweetest of young debutantes, in a frock of white crepon with natural flowers, which perfectly suited her camellia-like loveliness; the Misses May, Emmeline and Madge Moxon, *mignonnes* and dazzling, gowned respectively in crimson, white and cream with Spanish lace and beautiful flowers; and Miss Mackibbin, whose figure and elegance of style appeared to decided advantage in shimmering green satin. This list might be indefinitely prolonged, but enough has been said to convey some idea of the success which attended the most brilliant event of this season in Picton-on-Quinte.

Belleville.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Caldwell, nee Miss Mary Wallbridge, gave one of the prettiest At Homes at the White House which have been given this year. The fine old-fashioned home was artistically decorated with potted palms and ferns. Mrs. Caldwell was assisted by Miss Annie Wallbridge, now the fair mistress of the White House. The invited guests were: Mrs. (Col.) Lasier, Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips, Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. Casey, Mrs. Clemell, Mrs. Burton of Toronto, Mrs. Leitch, Mrs. Bell, J., Mrs. Perkins, Miss Willson, Miss Blanche Willson, Miss Laidlaw of Toronto, Miss Biggar, Miss Clara Wallbridge, and Miss Emberson.

Mrs. Casey gave a luncheon to twelve of her lady friends on Thursday last. Mrs. Casey and family are about to take possession of their new residence on the corner of Bridge and William streets.

Mrs. George Walker entertained a few of her friends at five o'clock tea during the week. The decorations consisted of flowers and pretty colored candelabra. The fair and courteous hostess was assisted by Miss Walker in receiving the guests. The invited guests were: Mrs. J. Bell, Jr., Mrs. Biggar, Mrs. Casey, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Perkins, Miss Mabel Willson, Miss Emberson, and Miss Laidlaw of Toronto.

Mrs. Lyons Biggar gave a luncheon to a party of nine on Monday last. After luncheon the guests repaired to Mrs. Malcolm Willson's, where they were entertained at five o'clock tea.

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. James Grant entertained their friends at a progressive pedro party at their residence on Bridge street. The fair and gracious hostess showed

her artistic ability in the varied and handsome floral decorations which graced her rooms. The numerous guests enjoyed themselves immensely; in fact, the "amateur journalist" was told by a fair lady guest that it was the most delightful evening she spent this year. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Lingham, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. and Miss Davy, Mr. and Miss Starling, Mr. and Mrs. Corby, Mr. Alf. Gillen, Miss Maud Hamilton, and Mr. Chas. McCaulay. Mrs. Grant wore a pretty black and white silk gown with black silk velvet sleeves. Mrs. Phillips and Mr. Lingham won the first prizes, which were a dainty bon-bon dish for the lady and a pretty silver match-case for the gentleman. The booby prize was won by Miss Maud Hamilton.

The nuptials of Dr. Meiklejohn and Miss Burnett of Stirling will take place on Thursday.

The engagements of Mr. W. H. Biggar, M.P.P., and Miss Ballou of New York, and Mr. Daniel Waters and Miss Stella Taylor have just been announced.

Among the Bellvillians who attended the Picton Bachelors' Ball were Colonel and Mrs. Lasier, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips and Mr. and Mrs. Lyons Biggar. The Picton bachelors are noted for their fine balls, and their last At Home proved that they well deserve the name of the best entertainers in this part of the country. Our citizens were delighted with the attention paid them and are very grateful to the Picton bachelors for their endeavors to make their visit as pleasant as possible. While the costumes worn by the Picton matrons and belles were eloquent and beautiful, yet all declared our own Mrs. (Col.) Lasier was the most beautifully dressed lady at the ball. Mrs. Lasier wore the same gown in which she was presented to our gracious Queen. The gown—a superb yellow satin lavishly trimmed with priceless lace and pearl embroidery—is one of Mons. Worth's masterpieces. Mrs. Phillips wore an exquisite gown of white silk with lace trimming, while Mrs. Biggar was her own dainty, smiling sweet self in a symphony of mauve.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Jamieson celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding on Saturday last by entertaining some three hundred and fifty of their friends at one of the most delightful At Homes which have been given this season. Their palatial residence resembled fairyland more than anything else. Everywhere one went the eye was met by banks and masses of beautiful roses and flowers, while dispersed here and there among the rooms were beautiful potted palms and ferns. Daylight was excluded, and the many softly-shaded lamps and candelabra shed a pretty radiance over the throngs of fair guests. The Reggs' orchestra discoursed sweetest music during the evening. In the dining-room, presiding over the sumptuous repast, were four sweet girls, Misses Stella Taylor, Lucy Holton, Hilda Frost, and Theda Foster. Mrs. Jamieson wore an elegant black silk gown, elaborately trimmed with embroidered chiffon. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Mac and Mrs. John Frost. Hon. M. Bowell, who is the father of Mrs. Jamieson, was unavoidably absent. Betsey joins Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson's innumerable friends in wishing them many more years of unalloyed happiness.

BETSEY.

Brantford.

The chief event of the week was the performance of Frederic Cowan's cantata, *The Rose Maiden*, in the Congregational church. The audience was not as large as it should have been, and I cannot understand how it is Brantford people do not appreciate such a concert as was given last week. Were it a minstrel show the Opera House would not be large enough. I can only give one reason, but perhaps I had better keep it to myself. The principal vocalists were: Mrs. R. J. Smith, Mrs. J. McLean, Miss Carson, Miss Salmund, Miss Snider, and Messrs. Kydd, Kimpton, Jacques, Ogilvie, Seace and Dr. Hart. The performance of this cantata may be regarded as an advance upon any previous efforts of the society, and reflects the greatest credit upon the energetic conductor, Mr. Frederic Rogers, whose arduous labors for weeks past were justly rewarded through the admirable impression made by those who had studied the work under his baton. On account of space it is impossible for me to remark at length upon the different vocalists, so I shall only mention a few who deserve special credit. Mrs. R. J. Smith looked pretty in an elegant gown of cream silk and brown velvet. Her solo singing, also her duets with Mr. Jacques, scored a decided success, so it is not necessary for me to repeat what I have already stated in recent criticisms concerning the chief characteristics of Mrs. Smith's singing. The same high artistic qualities which have won for her wide renown, such as purity of tone, ease of execution or faultless phrasing, distinguished all her singing. Miss Carson wore a lovely costume of white silk and never appeared in better voice. Her solos were executed extremely well. With care and judicious study Miss Carson has taken her place among our most prominent vocalists. Her duet with Mr. Kydd was heartily encored and graciously responded to. Mr. Jacques was warmly applauded; his renditions were among the most enjoyable numbers of the evening. Mr. Jacques proved himself the possessor of considerable vocal ability, being particularly successful in his duet with Mrs. Smith. Mr. Kimpton, Mr. Kydd and Mr. Seace received the hearty applause of the audience. These gentlemen are the possessors of very sweet voices and did ample justice to the various parts allotted them. The chorus numbers were a delightful specimen of ensemble singing. The skillful manner in which the piano was manipulated in the accompaniments by Miss Shannon became a subject of favorable comment; her work in this capacity I have had frequent occasion to admire. Taken as a whole the performance was an enjoyable one and deserved much more generous support than it received.

In the church of the Holy Trinity, Putney, Eng., on Saturday, April 29, Mr. Arthur Raymond Yates was married to Miss Kate Brandon, daughter of Henry Brandon, Esq., of Stonehouse, West Hill, Putney.

Miss Maggie Torrance, who has been the

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guest of Miss Annie Compton, has left for her home in Canham.

Mr. and Mrs. Shuttleworth of London, Eng., are visiting Mrs. Shuttleworth's mother, Mrs. John Harris, Lorne avenue.

Mrs. J. Francis Watt and Miss Smith have returned from London, where they were attending the marriage of Canon Smith's daughter, Miss Florian, to the Rev. Edwin Lee, of Princeton.

At the recent McGill examination, Mr. Harry B. Yates was successful in obtaining the degree of M.D.

Mr. Hadspeith of Lindsay has been appointed to take Mr. Muir's place in the Bank of Montreal, Mr. Muir having been promoted to the position of teller in place of Mr. Stikeman, who has gone to the Halifax office.

Mr. F. Douglas Watt of B.B.N.A. has been moved to Paris.

Mr. Harry Cockshutt has returned from an extended trip to Halifax.

Mr. McCuaig of Toronto was visiting friends in the city last week.

Mrs. R. J. Smith returned from Toronto on Tuesday in order to take part in the Philharmonic concert on Thursday evening.

SAILOR.

Wiarion.

On Friday, April 26, Mrs. Chas. Reckin was at home to a very large number of her young friends, this being the first time that she has entertained in her magnificent new home. The evening will be one long remembered by the socially inclined people of Wiarion as the most brilliant affair ever held here. The residence seems to have been designed with a view to the accommodation of such events as that of Friday. The rooms of the spacious building when filled with the young ladies of Wiarion, than whom more handsome maidens are not found, presented an appearance of unrivaled loveliness, and I heard it remarked by several gentlemen that they never imagined our young ladies were the possessors of such matchless beauty. At 12 p.m. lunch was partaken of, after which dancing was continued until the small hours, which will doubtless remain long in the memories of the participants. The following is a description of a few of the notable dresses. Mrs. Reckin received in rich black silk, assisted by Miss Reckin, in blue cashmere and pink flowers. Among the ladies were: Miss Sudden, in cream delaine and red and yellow roses; Mrs. Alderson, in black silk and jet; Miss Thibeau, in cream cashmere and cream silk trimmings; Miss Vickers, in black silk and pink azaleas; Miss Annie Symon, in cream and heliotrope delaine; Miss Robinson, in cream delaine, old-rose trimmings and cream roses; Miss Kate Symon, in gray velvet and steel trimmings; Miss Howard

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Robinson, in Nile green cashmere and pink roses; Miss Flo Greenlee, in black silk and white rosebuds; Miss Butler, in black silk and red and yellow rosebuds; Miss Johns, in Nile green silk and lilies of the valley; Miss Malone, in crimson silk and white carnations. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs. Jones, Bull, Crawford, Cooper, Davies, Symon, Selman, Schantz, McCrady, Ely, Kennel, Shaeman, Stewart, Bains, Kastner, Sutherland, Ewals and others.

TOP.

Waterdown.

An entertainment of unusual merit was

given on the evening of April 24, in the Waterdown Roller Rink, under the auspices of the Waterdown High School. Miss Laura M. MacGillivray of Toronto, a most accomplished reader, gave a series of recitals which delighted the audience and firmly established her as a prime favorite with the people of Waterdown. Miss MacGillivray's success lies in her naturalness and lack of the trade mark of elocution. The musical part of the programme was also excellent. Miss Patterson of Oakville being particularly good in her vocal solos. Dr. O'Hagan, principal of the High School, presided at the concert. After the entertainment Dr. and Mrs. Courtney entertained Miss MacGillivray and a party of friends at their residence.

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CHAPTER XIX.

AY, DEAD LOVES ARE THE POTENT.

It was their last day at San Remo. Everything had been packed for the journey, and the drawing room at Lauterbrunnen had a dreary look now that it was stripped of all those decorations and useful prettinesses with which Allegra had made it so gay and home-like. The morning had been brilliant and Martin, Allegra and Captain Hulbert had set off at nine o'clock upon a long-deferred expedition to San Remo. They would be home in good time for the eight o'clock dinner, and Isola had promised to amuse herself all day and to be in good spirits to welcome them on their return.

"You have a duty to do for your sister," she said, when her husband felt compunction at leaving her. "Think of all she has done for us, her devotion, her unselfishness. The least we can do is to help her to be happy with her lover; and all the burden of that duty has fallen upon you. I think you ought to be called Colonel Gooseberry."

She looked a bright and happy creature as she stood on the mule path in the olive wood, waving her hand to them as they went away—Allegra riding a donkey, the two men walking, one on each side of her, and the driver striding on ahead, leading a riderless donkey which was to serve as an occasional help by and by, if either of the pedestrians wanted a lift. Her cheeks were flushed with walking, and her eyes were bright with a new gladness.

She was full of a childish pleasure in the idea of their journey, and the realization of a dream which most of us have dreamt for years before it assumed the shape of earthly things—the dream of Rome.

Isola stood listening to their footsteps, as they passed the little painted shrine on the hill path. She heard them give the time of day to a party of peasant women, with empty baskets on their heads, going up to gather the last of the olives. Then she roamed about the wooded valley and the slope of the hill towards Colla for over an hour; and then, growing suddenly tired, she crept home, in time to sit beside her baby while he slept his placid noontide sleep. She bent over the little rosebud mouth and kissed it, in a rapture of maternal love.

"So young to see Rome," she murmured, "and to think that those star-like eyes will see and take no heed; to think that such a glorious vision will pass before him, and yet he will remember nothing."

The day was very long, something like one of those endless days at Trelasco, when her husband was in Burma and she had only the dog and the cat for her companions. She thought of those fond friends to-day with a regretful sigh—the sleepy Shah, so calm and undemanding in his attachment, but with a placid, purring delight in her society which seemed to mean a great deal; the fox-terrier, so active and intense in his affection, demanding so much attention, intruding himself upon her walks and reveries with such eager, not-to-be-denied devotion. She had no four-footed friends here; and the want of them made an empty space in her life.

In the afternoon the weather changed suddenly. The sky became overcast, the sea a leaden color; and the mistral came whistling up the valley with a great rustling and shivering of the silver-green foliage and creaking of old bent branches, like the withered arms of witch or sorcerer. All the glory of the day was gone, and the white villas on the crest of the eastward hill stood out with a livid distinctness against the blackened sky.

Isola wandered up the hill path, past the little shrine where the way divided, the point at which she had seen her husband and his party vanish in the sunny morning. She felt a sudden sense of loneliness now the sun was gone; a childish longing for the return of her friends, for evening and lamplight, and the things that make for cheerfulness. She was cold and dull, and out of spirits. She had left the house while the sun was shining, and she had come without shawl or wrap of any kind, and the mistral made her shiver. Yet she had no idea of hurrying home. The loneliness of the house had become oppressive before she left it; and she knew it must be some hours before the return of the excursionists. So she mounted the steep mule-path, slowly and painfully, till she had gone two-thirds of the way to Colla; and then she sat down to rest on the low stone wall which enclosed a little garden in a break of the wood, from which point there was a far-stretching view seaward.

She was very cold, but she was so tired as to be glad to rest at any hazard of after suffering. She was drowsy from sheer exhaustion, and leaned her head against a great rugged olive, whose roots were mixed up with the wall, and fell fast asleep. She awoke shivering, from a confused dream of sea and woods, Roman temples and ruined palaces. She had been dreaming of a place that was here in the woods below Colla, and which yet was half Rome and half Trelasco. There was a classic temple upon a hill that was like the Mount, and the day was bleak, and dark, and rainy, and she was walking on the footpath through Lord Lostwithiel's park, with the storm-driven rain beating against her face, just as on that autumn evening when the owner of the soil had taken compassion upon her and had given her shelter. The dream had been curiously vivid—a dream which brought the past back as if it were the present, and blotted out all that had come afterwards. She woke bewildered, forgetting that her husband had come back from India, and that she was in Italy, thinking of herself as she had been on that October evening when she and Lord Lostwithiel met for the first time.

The sea was darker than when she fell asleep. There was the dull crimson of a stormy sunset yonder, behind the jutting promontory of Bordighera, while the sky above was barred

with long, black clouds, and the wind was howling across the great deep valley like an evil spirit tortured and imprisoned, striving in anguish for release. Exactly opposite her, as she stood in the deep cleft of the hills, a solitary vessel was laboring under press of canvas towards the point upon whose dusky summit the chapel of the Madonna della Guardia gleamed whitely in the dying day. The vessel was a schooner yacht, of considerable tonnage, certainly larger than the Vendetta.

Isola stood, still as marble, watching that laboring boat, the straining sails, the dark hull beaten by the stormy dash of the waves. She watched with wide, open eyes, and parted lips, that quivered with an over-mastering fear, watched in momentary expectation of seeing those straining sails dip for the last time, that laboring hull capsize and go down in an abyss of angry waters. She watched in motionless attention till the boat vanished behind the shoulder of the hill; and then, shivering, nervous, and altogether over-strung, she hurried homewards, feeling that she had stayed out much too long and that she had caught a chill which might be the cause of new trouble.

If those narrow mule-paths had been less familiar, she might have lost her way in the dusk; but she had trodden them too often to be in any difficulty, and she reached the villa without loss of time, but not before the return of the picnic party.

Allegra and Captain Hulbert were at the gate watching for her. Colonel Disney had gone into the wood to look for her, and had naturally taken the wrong direction.

"Oh, Isola, how could you stop out so late, and on such a stormy evening?" remonstrated Allegra.

"I fell asleep before the storm came on," she said, "and fell asleep—out of doors—and at sunset! What dreadful imprudence."

"I went out too late, I'm afraid; but I was so tired. A kind of horror of the house and the silence came upon me—and I felt I must go out into the woods. I walked too far—and fell asleep from sheer fatigue; and when I woke I saw a yacht battling with the wind. I'm afraid she'll go down."

"What, you noticed her too?" exclaimed Hulbert. "I didn't think you cared enough about yachts to take notice of her. I was watching her as we came down the hill; rather too much canvas; but she's right enough. She's past Arma di Taggia by this time, I dare say. I'll go and look for Disney, and tell him you're safe and sound. Perhaps I shall miss him in the wood. It's like a Midsummer Night's Dream, isn't it, Allegra?" he said, laughing, as he went out of the gate.

"If it were only midsummer, I shouldn't care," answered his sweetheart, with her arm round Isola, who stood beside her pale and shivering. "Come in, dear, and let me make you warm, if I can."

"If they all should go down in the darkness," said Isola, in a low, dreamy voice. "The boat looked as if it might capsize at any moment."

Allegra employed all her arts as a sick-nurse in the endeavor to ward off any evil consequence from that imprudent slumber in the chill hour of sunset; but her cares were unavailing. Isola was restless and feverish all night, but she insisted on getting up at her usual hour next morning, and declared herself quite capable of the journey to Genoa. Allegra and her brother, however, insisted on her resting for a day or two. So the departure was postponed, and the doctor sent for. He advised at least three days' rest, with careful nursing; and he reproved his patient severely for her imprudence in exposing herself to the evening air.

Captain Hulbert appeared at tea-time, just returned from a railway journey to Allasio. "I've a surprise for you, Mrs. Disney," he said, seating himself by the sofa where Isola was lying surrounded by invalid luxuries, books, lemonade, fan, and eau de cologne flask, her feet carefully covered with a silken rug.

"A surprise!" she echoed, faintly, as if life held no surprises for her. "What can that be?"

"You remember the yacht you saw last night?"

"Yes," she cried, roused in an instant, and clasping her hands excitedly. "Did she go down?"

"Not the least little bit. She is safe and sound at Allasio. She is called the Eurydice, she sails last from Syracuse, and my brother is on board her. He wired to me this morning to go over and see him. I'm very glad I went, for he is off to Corfu to-morrow. The Flying Dutchman isn't in it with him."

There was a curious silence. Martin Disney was sitting on the other side of his wife's sofa, where he had been reading selected bits of the Times, such portions of the news of men and nations as he fancied might interest her. Allegra was busy with a piece of delicate needlework, and did not immediately reply; but it was she who was first to speak.

"How frightened you would have been yesterday evening had you known who was on board the boat," she said.

"I don't know about being frightened, but he was certainly carrying too much canvas. I told him so this morning."

"What did he say?"

"Laughed at me. 'You sailors never believe that a landman can sail a ship,' he said. I wanted to talk to his sailing-master, but he told me he was his own sailing-master. If his ship was doomed to go down, he would be at the helm himself."

"That sounds as if he were very reckless," said Allegra.

"I told him I did not like the rig of his boat, nor the name of his boat, and I reminded him how I saw the Eurydice off Portland with all her canvas spread the day she went down. I

was with the Governor of the Prison, a naval man, who had been commander on my first ship, and we stood side by side on the cliff and watched her as she went by. 'If this wind gets much stronger that ship will go down,' said my old captain, 'unless they take in some of their canvas.' And a few hours later those poor fellows had all gone to the bottom. I asked Lord Lostwithiel why he called his boat the Eurydice. 'Fancy,' he said. He had a fancy for the name. 'I've never forgotten the old lines we used to hammer out when we were boys,' he said:

"Ah, miseram, Eurydice, anima fugiente vocabat; Eurydice tota referebant flamine ripae."

"I don't think the name matters if she is a good boat," said Allegra, with her calm common sense.

"Well, she is and she isn't. She is a finer boat than the Vendetta, but I'd sooner navigate the Vendetta in a storm. There are points about his new boat that I don't quite like. However, he had her built by one of the finest builders on the Clyde, and it will be hard if she goes wrong. He has given me the Vendetta as a wedding present—in advance of the event—on condition that I sink her when I'm tired of her, and he said he hoped she'd be luckier to me than she has been to him."

Martin Disney sat silent by his wife's sofa. He could never hear Lord Lostwithiel's name without a touch of pain. His only objection to Hulbert as a brother-in-law was the thought that the two men were of the same race; that he must needs hear the hated name from time to time. And yet he believed his wife's avowal that she was pure and true. His hatred of the name came only from the recollection that she had been slandered by a man whom he despised. He looked at the wasted profile on the satin pillow, so wan, so transparent in its waxen pallor, the heavy eyelids drooping languidly, the faintly colored lips drawn as if with pain—a broken lily. Was this the kind of woman to be suspected of evil; this fair and fragile creature in whom the spiritual so predominated over the sensual? He hated himself for having been for a moment influenced by that underbred scoundrel at Glenaveril—for having been base enough to doubt his wife's purity.

He had pained and humiliated her, and now the stamp of death was on the face he adored; and before him lay the prospect of a life's remorse.

They left San Remo three days afterwards, Isola being pronounced able to bear the journey, though her cough had been considerably increased by that imprudent slumber in the wood. She was anxious to go, and doctor and husband gave way to her eagerness for new scenes. "I am so tired of this place," she said piteously; "it is lovely, but it is a loveliness that makes me melancholy. I want to be in a great city where there are lots of people moving about. I have never lived in a city, but always in quiet places—beautiful, very beautiful, but so still—so still—so full of oneself and one's own thoughts."

CHAPTER XX.

ECCO ROMA.

The agent had proved himself worthy of trust, and had chosen the lodging for Colonel Disney's family with taste and discretion. It was a first floor over a jeweler's shop in a short street, on a level with the Piazza di Spagna, and close to the Pincian Gardens. There were not too many stairs for Isola to ascend when she came in from her drive or walk. The gardens were close at hand, and all around there were trees and flowers, and an atmosphere of verdure and retirement in the midst of the great cosmopolitan city.

It was dusk when the train came into the terminus, and Isola was weary and exhausted after the long, hot journey from Pisa, the glare of the sun, and the suffocating clouds of dust, and the beautiful monotony of the blue sea and sandy plains, long level wastes where nothing grew but brushwood and osier; and stretches of marshy ground with water pools shining here and there like burnished steel, and distant islets dimly seen athwart a cloud of heat. Then evening closed in, and it was through a gray and shapeless region that they approached the city whose very name thrilled her.

The railway station was very much like all the other great termini; like Milan, like Genoa. There was the same close rank of omnibuses. There were the same blue blouses and civil, eager porters, piling up the innumerable packages of the Italian traveler, loading themselves like so many human beasts of burden, and with no apparent limit to their capacity for carrying things. Two flys were loaded with the miscellaneous luggage, and then Isola was handed to her place in another, with Allegra by her side, and through the narrow streets of tall houses, under the dim strip of soft April night, she drove through the city of heroes and martyrs, saints and apostles, wicked emperors and holy women, the city of historical contrasts, of darkness and light, refinement and barbarism, of all things most unlike each other, from Nero to Paul, from Domitian to Gregory the Great.

The glory and the beauty of Rome only began to dawn upon her next morning, in the vivid sunshine, when she climbed the steps of the Trinita de Monte, and then with Allegra's arm to lean upon went slowly upward and again upward to the Pincian hill, and stood leaning on the marble balustrade, and gazing across the housetops to the rugged grandeur of Hadrian's Tomb, and to that great dome of St. Peter's, whose vastness makes all other things seem puny and insignificant.

The air was clear and cool upon its height, although the city below was veiled in a luminous haze of almost tropical heat. Everywhere there was the odor of summer flowers, the overpowering sweetness of lilies of the valley, and great branches of lilac, white and purple, brimming over in the baskets of the flower-sellers. On such a morning as this one could understand how a Roman April came to be called the joyous month, and to be dedicated to Venus.

Isola's face lighted up with a new gladness, a look of perfect absorption and self-forgetfulness, as she leaned upon the balustrade and gazed across that vast panorama, gazed and wondered, with eyes that seemed to grow larger in their delight.

"And is this really Rome?" she murmured softly.

"Yes, this is Rome," cried Allegra. "Isn't it lovely! Isn't it all you ever dreamt of or hoped for? And yet people have so maligned it—called it feverish, stuffy, disappointing, dirty! Why, the air is ether—inspiring, health-giving! April in Rome is as fresh as April in an English forest; only it is April with the warmth and flowers of June. I feel sure you will grow ever so much stronger after one little week in Rome."

"Yes, I know I shall be better here; I feel better already," said Isola, with a kind of feverish hopefulness. "It was so good of Martin to bring me. San Remo is always lovely—and I shall owe it to the end of my life, because it was my first home in Italy—but I was beginning to be a little tired—not of the olive woods and the sea, but of the people we met, and the sameness of life. One day was so like another."

"It was monotonous, of course," agreed Allegra, "and being a little out of health you would be tired by monotony sooner than Martin or I. It was such a pity you did not like the yacht. That made such a change for us. The very olive woods and the mountain villages seem new when one sees them from the water. I was never tired of looking at the hills between San Remo and Bordighera, or the promontory of Monaco, with its cathedral towers. It was a pleasure lost to you, dear; but it could not be helped, I suppose. Yet once upon a time you used to be so fond of the sea, when you and I went in our row-boat, tempting danger round by Neptune Point."

"I may have been stronger then," Isola faltered.

"Oh, forgive me, darling. What an inconsiderate wretch I am! But Rome will give you back your lost strength, and we shall round Neptune Point again, and feel the salt spray dashing over our heads as we go out into the great, fierce Atlantic. I confess that sometimes, when the divine Mediterranean, which we are never tired of worshipping has been lying in the sunshine like one vast floor of lapis lazuli, I have longed for something rougher and wilder—for such a sea as you and I have watched from the Rashleigh Mausoleum."

Colonel Disney and his wife and sister went about in a very leisurely way in their explorations. In the first place he was very anxious to avoid anything approaching fatigue for his wife, and in the second place, it was only the beginning of April, and they were to be in Rome for at least a month; there was therefore no need for rushing about at the tourist pace, with guide-books in their hands, and anxious, heated countenances, perspiring through the streets, and getting deadly chills in the churches. Allegra's first desire was naturally to see the picture galleries, and to these she went for the most part alone, leaving Isola and her husband free to go about as they pleased, upon a friendly equality of ignorance, knowing very little more than Childs Harold and Murray could teach them. Isola's Rome was Byron's Rome.

There was one spot she loved better than any other in the city of wonderful memories. It was not hallowed by the blood of saint or hero, sage or martyr. It had no classical associations. He whose heart lay buried there under the shadow of the tribune's mighty monument, perished in the pride of manhood, in the freshness and glory of life; and that heart—so warm and generous to his fellow men—had hardened itself against the God of saint and martyr, the God of Peter and Paul, Lawrence and Gregory, Benedict and Augustine. Yet for Isola there was no grave in Rome so sacred as Shelley's grave, no greater memory associated with the eternal city than the memory of his wanderings and meditations amidst the ruined walls of the Baths of Caracalla, where his young genius drank in the poetry of the long past and fed upon the story of the antique dead.

She came to Shelley's grave as often as she could steal away from the anxious companions of her drives and walks.

"I like to get out alone now and then," she told her husband. "It rests me to be by myself for an hour or two in this lovely place."

There was a coachman in the Piazza who was in the habit of driving Colonel Disney's family—an elderly man, sober, steady and attentive, with intelligence that made him almost as good as a guide. He was on the watch for his English clients every morning. They had but to appear on the Piazza, and he was in attendance, ready to take them to the utmost limit of a day's journey, if they liked. Were they in doubt where to go, he was always ready with suggestions.

He would drive Isola to the door of the English Cemetery, leave her there, and return at her bidding to drive her home again. Disney knew she was safe when this veteran had her in charge. The man was well known in the Piazza, and of established character for honesty. She took a book or two in her light basket, buying a few flowers here and there from the women and children as she went along, till the books were hidden under roses and lilies. The custodian of the cemetery knew her, and admitted her without a word. He had watched her furtively once or twice, to see that she neither gathered the flowers nor tried to scratch her name upon the tombs. He had seen her sitting quietly by the slab which records Shelley's death—and the death of that faithful friend who was laid beside him sixty years afterwards. Sixty years of loving, regretful memory, and then union in the dust. Shall there not be a later and a better meeting, when those two shall see each other's faces and hear each other's voices again, in a world where old things shall be made new, where youth and its wild freshness shall come back again, and Trelawney shall be no older than Shelley?

The English burial place was a garden of fairest flowers at this season—a paradise of roses and clematis, azaleas and camellias—and much more beautiful for its wilder growth of trailing foliage and untended shrubs, and for the background of old gray wall, severe in its antique magnificence, a cyclopean rampart, relic of time immemorial, clothed and colored with the perishing parasites of last summer.

Here, in a sheltered angle to the left of the poet's grave, Isola could sit unobserved even when the custodian brought a party of tourists

to see the hallowed spot, which occurred now and then while she sat there. The tourists for the most part stared foolishly, made some sentimental remark if they were women, and if they were men usually betrayed a hopeless ignorance of the poet's history or confounded him with Keats. Isola sat half-hidden in her leafy corner, where the ivy and the acanthus hung from the great gray buttress against which she leaned, languid, half-dreaming, with two books on her lap.

One was her Shelley—her much-read Shelley—a shabby cloth-bound volume, bought in her girlhood at the bookseller's in the Place de Guesclin, where English books could be got by special order and at special prices. The other was an Italian Testament, which her husband had bought her at San Remo, and which she had read with extreme diligence and with increasing fervor as her mind became more deeply moved by Father Rodwell's sermons. It was not that she had ever been one of those advanced thinkers who will accept no creed which does not square with their own little theories and fit in to their own narrow circle of possibilities. She had never doubted the religion she had been taught in her childhood, but she had thought very little about serious things since she was a young girl, preparing for her confirmation, touched with girlish enthusiasm, and very much in earnest. In these fair spring days, and in this city of many memories, all that girlish feeling of faith and dependence had reawakened in her mind. She pored over the familiar Gospel stories, and again as in the first freshness of her youth she saw the sacred figure of the Redeemer and Teacher in all the vivid light and color of a reality, close at hand. Faith stretched across the abyss of time, and brought the old world of the Gospel story close to her; the closer, because she was in Rome, not far from that church which enshrines the print of the Divine footstep, when He who was God and Man appeared to His disciple, to foreshadow approaching martyrdom, to inspire the courage of the martyr. Yes, although the Saviour's earthly feet never entered the city, every hill and every valley within and without those crumbling walls has intervened itself so closely with the story of His life—through the work of His saints and martyrs—that it is nowise strange if the scenes and images of the sacred story seem nearer and more vivid in Rome than in any other place on earth, not excepting Jerusalem. It was from Rome, not from Jerusalem, that the Cross went out to the uttermost ends of the world. It is the earth of the Colosseum and the Borgo that is steeped in the blood of those who have died for Christ. It was Rome that ruled the world through the long night of barbarism and feudal power by the force of that invincible name.

It might seem strange that Isola should turn from the story of the Evangelists to the works of a poet whose human sympathies were so wrung by the evil that has been wrought in the name of the Cross that he was blind to the infinitely greater good which Christianity has accomplished for mankind. Shelley saw the blood of the martyrs, not as a sublime and everlasting testimony to the Godlike power of faith, not as a sacrifice rich in after fruits, sad seed of a joyous harvest—but as the brutal work of the tyrant Man, using any name, Christ or Buddha, Mahomet or Brahma—as the sanction to torture and to slay.

Shelley's melancholy fate seemed brought nearer to her now that she sat beside his grave, in the summer stillness, and in the shadow of the old Aurelian Wall. It was only his heart which was lying there, that imperishable heart which Trelawney's hand snatched from the flame of the Greek pyre, from the smoke of pine logs and frankincense, wine and oil. Sixty years had passed before that hand lay cold in the grave beside the buried heart of the poet, sixty years of severance and tender, mournful memories, before death brought reunion.

What a beautiful spirit this, which was so early quenched by the cruellest stroke of Fate—a light such as had seldom shone out of mortal clay, a spirit of fire and brightness, intangible, untamable, not to be shut within common limits nor judged by common laws.

(To be Continued.)

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The Curate's Mistake

Meg was the daughter of the rector of Nunthorpe, Mr. Thirlwall, with whom I went to study before college, when I was a lad of eighteen. He was not in the least a typical rector, being a scholar rather than a clergyman; and Meg was still less like the typical rector's daughter. She did not visit the poor of the parish. She had always left all that to Mrs. Pryde, who was the prop of the church in Nunthorpe, and whom Meg hated for reasons.

I may say at once that I never fell in love with Meg nor she with me. Though only eighteen I was very much in love already, and I never could be in love with two or three girls together, like the hero of a modern novel. Meg, for her part, was also otherwise involved, as will appear, and so we got on splendidly.

I don't know whether she was handsome. I only knew that she had wonderful dark eyes—the saddest I have ever seen. Yet she was not sad when I first knew her, but, as a rule, brimful of life and gaiety. Occasionally, to be sure, there were fits of wild depression, but these seemed only a natural reaction after her exuberant high spirits. And as for her eyes, there was generally a glint of humor in them, like a sunbeam caught in the depths of a gray agate.

It was not long before I learned Meg's secret by something in her face whenever Mr. Weston was mentioned. Being in love myself, I could tell the signs. The Rev. Marcus Weston was Mr. Thirlwall's curate for the present, being a man who, in the nature of things, would not be a curate long. But he was a friend of the former curate, and had come partly to supply his place, partly because the air of Nunthorpe was just beginning to be celebrated, and Weston was not a strong man.

There could not have been two people more hopelessly dissimilar than Meg and he. He was gentle and sympathetic far beyond the majority of men, yet under it all there was a kind of hardness that did not exist in Meg's nature—so much wilder and unruly. He did not flirt with girls in the usual manner, but talked with them about the infinite spiritual possibilities that lay before them. He believed in everyone—everyone believed in him, more or less. I believed in him less, but Meg—she had never been talked to in that way before.

He filled her brimful of aspirations to lead a higher life. He lent her Robertson's Sermons, and made her sing hymns to him in the twilight. It was very well—only Meg's ardor was a little chilled when she realized that he did the same to other girls. She believed in him, nevertheless—indeed, worshiped him, in a singularly generous way. He was a saint—hardly a man at all. If he ever married it must be some angelic being, certainly no girl in Nunthorpe—not even Celia Doone, who was pretty and pious, but had a spice of placid worldliness about her that Meg's keen eyes detected.

Meg did the honors of the supper table that night—for Mr. Weston stayed to supper—with a shy grace that was new to me; and I did not wonder that he found it irresistible. He looked like a man who was letting himself drift.

He spoke little to Meg, however. They had done enough talking before the lamp were lit. He talked enthusiastically to Mr. Thirlwall about the true mission of the Church, and Meg listened with glowing eyes. One could almost watch those infinite possibilities growing as one looked at her. What a hero the man seemed to her; what a saint! Poor Meg! Poor Marcus!

After he had gone Meg wandered out into the garden and I followed her.

"Jack," she said suddenly, and I knew she was trembling, "do you think I could ever grow good—if I tried, prayed, ever so hard? Not so good as other people, but good enough for me?"

She was so terribly in earnest—it was strange for Meg, to be so much in earnest—that I believe I was glad it was pretty dark, so that she could not see my face, nor I hers.

"I think you are as good as people go," I said.

"That's nonsense, Jack," Meg replied, with a prompt return of the old temper. "You know quite well that I'm worse than other girls, and when I would do good evil is present with me. And there are other girls, like Celia Doone, who never do wrong—full of good works and almsgivings, and an heiress. And, oh, what a complexion!" cried Meg, as if there the sting came in.

"Yes," I said, sincerely enough, "but she's not half as nice as you are, after all. She's so wooden."

"That's because you're wicked you like me best," said Meg drily. "But no one good could ever really, really like anyone bad."

There was a question in her voice, and I answered it rather fiercely.

"You are thinking of a particular person," I said. "And that person does care for you, Meg, and not for Celia Doone. All the same, I shouldn't be surprised to hear of his being engaged to Celia one of these fine days."

I should not have spoken so strongly, but lately I had heard rumors that I fancied had not reached Meg's ears, and I wanted to put her on her guard. But she fired again, which was certainly natural.

"How dare you say such things, Jack? I won't lie to you. If he does—it will be because he loves her. I think it would be better, only—Oh, me!"

She turned and ran into the house. I heard one sob as she went. Still, I was glad I had spoken out. Meg wasn't a girl to imagine things, and I knew that matters must have gone pretty far that night. Of course if he meant to ask her to marry him, well and good. But I hardly thought he did.

Things were in this position when for family reasons which I need not here explain, my going to college was slightly postponed, and I was called home for some months. Then I returned to Mr. Thirlwall's to complete my coaching.

Meg and I had not corresponded regularly. I had heard from her once or twice, indeed, but her letters had been mere business letters, almost curt, and not in the least like Meg. I fancied that if she had felt bright she would have put in a page or two of merry nonsense, but it was impossible to find out until I saw her, so I waited.

Meg met me at the station, which was two miles from the vicarage, in the shabby little pony carriage. My first glance at her seemed to sanction the vague dread I had felt. Her face had grown thinner, and even paler than ever; her eyes looked very large and lustrous. Certainly as soon as we got into the carriage, she began to talk in the old gay, random way, but it hardly seemed quite natural.

"What's the matter with you, Meg?" said I. "You are ever so much thinner."

"My dear boy, it was the turning over new leaves," said Meg. "I turned and turned till I grew dizzy and fairly wore myself out; and so soon as I took my eyes off them they all flew back again. So it is at the old leaf now, and there it'll have to stop."

"How is Mr. Weston," I enquired, thinking it was better to have it over.

"He's to be married in a month," said Meg, without swerving, "to Celia Doone. They've been engaged six weeks, and everybody says it's no use waiting. He's got a living at Marten, so they'll settle down there for the present. Father's had to get a new curate. There's much more scope at Marten for anyone of his abilities."

I did not speak. Marten was only eight miles away, and it flashed across me that it had better have been further off. Meg went on: "I'm making them a sofa cover," she said. "It's nearly finished. You must look at it as soon as we get home, and say if it isn't pretty. It's black satin, and all crewelled with roses and lilies. I thought I'd put in some forget-me-nots, but there seemed color enough without the blue."

"There'll be a good many thorns among those roses, Meg," said I.

"Will there?" she answered slowly. "I don't know. It's no business of mine. I've not put them in the creel work—not a thorn. It's only the lilies and the roses, like a little Eden here below."

And Meg smiled. I did not like her smile.

"It is preposterous," I said. "He has no right to marry another girl. He liked you."

"No," said Meg, "that was all a mistake. He was only very anxious about my spiritual welfare—he as good as told me so. What's the matter, Jack? What's that you're saying? He explained because—because I made a fool of myself. I let him know—it doesn't matter. Jack, never throw yourself at a man's head! Oh, you can't; I forgot. Well, then, never at a girl's head; for once lose your self-respect, and it's all over with you. I've lost mine."

She had spoken very quietly, but now she touched the pony with the whip, and we drove on faster.

"You haven't," I said, "and he is making a mistake."

"Why?" said Meg. "She'll make a splendid minister's wife, Celia Doone will. She'll go in and out visiting, always as fresh as a flower. She's been as good as gold ever since I remember. I always tumbled down stairs and tore my frocks. She never tore her frock but once, and then it was at a blackberry picnic, and I pushed her in among the brambles—ever so far—because she called me Miss Crosspatch."

Then Meg began to talk of other things till we reached home. I saw the sofa cover, which was nearly finished. I could not wholly admire it, but I did my best, and Meg was satisfied. Her taste in colors was rich, if not barbaric, but it seemed very probable to me that Mr. Weston would like it, and I reiterated this opinion.

The new curate had arrived, and though Mr. Weston was continually coming and going between Marten and Nunthorpe, we saw very little of him. The weeks passed. Three days before the appointed wedding day Meg took the sofa cover to Celia, who received it graciously and told her that Mr. Weston was at Marten but would be back that afternoon.

Celia displayed the sofa cover to him when he came. She was not jealous of Meg in the least, being a girl without many intuitions; and never having heard of the hymn tunes in the twilight, she talked of her not unkindly, but as it was natural to talk of one for whom she had a kind of liking, but who had often shocked and scandalized her.

"I think there's too much color," she said, "but it was very dear of her, and how much time it must have taken! I never thought she was so fond of me, Marcus. I really never did. The tears quite came into her eyes once. If only she wasn't so very odd at times! I have really almost wondered if there wasn't something in the family. Not on nice old Mr. Thirlwall's side, of course, but her mother was a curious, eccentric woman, from all I ever heard. We must ask her over to Marten some day. Poor child! I am sure I should be glad to be kind to her, but you never know what she will do next. She has always been like that."

A man of Weston's type can stand a good deal, but Celia's words jarred. He had never loved Meg—at least he often said to himself that he never loved her—yet there was a strong charm about her that apparently Celia had not remarked. He felt stirred, almost indignant, but he did not let his indignation appear. Only he very soon took up his hat.

"I must go and see old Vickers, dear," he said. "I fear he is dying."

"But that is such a long way," said Celia, with mingled Marcus; all that he did was right in her eyes, and though she wanted him to stay, she felt that his going to see Vickers was "just like him"—as, indeed, it was. The man had a high idea of his vocation, and discharged his duties conscientiously, as a rule.

It was hardly part of his pastoral duty, however, to come back by the shore, which was half a mile further round. But then the evening was lovely, and so was the shore, and Marcus thought very highly of the sea, which had provided him with illustrations for some of his best sermons. All the same he had better not have gone that way. He did not expect to meet Meg—no. But when he saw a spot of blue color on the rocks at some distance he knew what it was—her old blue dress that was not afraid of the spray.

He might have turned back then, but he did not turn back, but hurried on. A better man would have turned back—so would a worse one. There must have been good in him for him to act so like a madman. I fancy he felt more like a madman just then than one would have conceived it possible for him to feel.

"Margaret," he called, for she was turning homeward. "Miss Thirlwall—Margaret."

The first time his voice was lost in the wind and sea; he had nearly reached her when she heard him. As she turned her face grew haughty, but the lovely carmine flushed it all the same. Then, as she looked at his eager, harassed face, she relented. Had he suffered, too, after all? If he had, she could forgive him everything. Her saint looked much more like a mortal man and spoke like one. To-night there were to be no platitudes.

"I haven't seen you for two months," he said half angrily. "Why will you avoid me? You know—you must know—how dear our friendship is to me."

Meg did not speak, but she looked up quietly with her great eyes. He sank before them. There was a pause.

"No," she said at last. "I did not know. How should I? You—I mean that you are speaking to the wrong person."

"You mean that you despise me," said Marcus bitterly. "God knows I despise myself, too."

He was turning away without another word, but Meg could not let him go like that.

"Stop," she said. "I can never despise you. You know that. I shall always think—think of you as I did. I can't alter so easily. But we can have no more to do with each other—never, never. You will be happy soon—far happier than I—oh, good-bye."

He caught her hand and kissed it, but she tore it away.

"No," she said. "Oh, I would let you if it were only I. But you are a minister; it matters not what you do. And she—only this morning she was so kind to me. Oh, don't break her heart!"

She turned and left him. He did not try to follow her, only stood looking dumbly after her swift figure. It was an hour later that I met him on the way to Nunthorpe, walking slowly and like a man who is tired out. I did not speak, and though he looked at me it was with eyes that saw nothing.

Meg was out when I reached the house—I had been to Nunthorpe on business—and I went down to the shore to seek her. It was still early in the evening, and I found her very soon. But I was frightened when I saw her closely, though she did not look sorrowful—ah, no! It was the glow and light on her face that frightened me, and her lips were curved with a faint smile.

"Meg," said I, "what is it now?"

She turned to me, smiling still.

"Nothing now," she answered dreamily. "Only I'm happy, Jack. I'm very, very happy. Why shouldn't I be?"

"Because," I drove on desperately, "there is only one thing could make you look like that. You have seen him, and—it's no use, Meg, he's nothing to you now, nor you to him."

"Nothing," said Meg sweetly, "nothing, Jack."

She was leaning against an old gray bowlder, and she did not look at me as she spoke, but far out to sea.

"I can't help it, Meg," I said bitterly. "There's no one else but me to tell you. He's to be married in three days—and it won't do." "No, it won't do," she replied. "It wouldn't matter for me, but it wouldn't do for him. Did you think I had forgotten? I will think about it very soon, Jack—in an hour. But just now I should like to be alone, please. Only for an hour."

Silently I turned and left her, but as I went I looked back and saw her there, with the wonderful light still on her face and looking out to sea.

Later in the evening I went back to seek for Meg. It was growing dark, and I half expected to meet her on the way, but I did not, nor was she where I had left her more than an hour ago. I called, but no one answered, and I concluded that she had gone round by the Point. It was a cliff with a precipitous path leading up it, to which Meg was partial.

She always called it a short cut to the vicarage, though it was no such thing. People spoke of it as dangerous at high tide, but Meg had climbed it ever since she was a little girl and laughed at the danger. I turned and hurried home. She must have reached home before now if my surmise was true. But there was a strange terror at my heart.

Meg had not come back. I don't know what I did or said, but when I left the house again and rushed toward the shore they were all preparing to follow me. But I was far before them, dashing towards the Point, stumbling on the slippery rocks, regaining my footing and hurrying on again, sometimes stopping to call, "Meg! Meg!"

The sky had grown very dark, only in the clouds overhead the moon was trying to break through, and in the west there was still one pale gleam where the sea and sky met. The wind was beginning to rise; it was soft, but very fresh. I remember how it felt against my face. The high tide was plashing gently against the rocks about the Point.

"Meg! Meg!"

There was no answer. There never would be any answer.

They said that she had grown bewildered in the gathering darkness, and lost her foothold in the one place where losing it meant death. It might be so. I think it was so. But she was careless that night.

Celia was married now more than ten years ago, but not to Marcus. Late in the day as it was, that engagement was broken off, but the world outside heard little of the reason. Weston never went to Marten. He is at Liverpool now, working far too hard, his friends say, and wearing out before his time. But he himself doesn't think the work too hard. He has a mission among the sailors, which I hear is "much blessed."

That is all.—*Longman's Magazine.*

Giving Her a Lesson.

It was 3 a. m. when he came in, and he had an idea that his wife would be asleep. Ideas don't always realize. She wasn't asleep.

"This is a nice time of night for you to be coming in," she said, explosively, and he dropped his shoes on the floor with a dull thud.

"Beg your pardon, m' dear," he replied, thickly.

"This is a nice time of night, indeed, for a

husband to be coming home," she replied, with more emphasis than before.

"You will excuse m' dear, if I differ with you on that point," he said slowly. "It isn't a nice time for a man to be coming home, and I am astonished and pained that you should knowingly make a statement that is so lacking in veracity. You ought to set your husband a better example," and then he stumbled around the house in the dark and got to bed somehow. —*Detroit Herald.*

They Kicked.

A philanthropic old reporter picked up two half-frozen, half-starved little bootblacks on North street the other day, and taking them into a coffee-house he set up a fine meal for them both.

"Thanky, sir," said the boys, and pitched in like good fellows. When their appetites began to slacken one turned to the other and said:

"Say, Jimmy, let's kick on der grub."

"Kick on der grub? You's got a red, wite an' blue wheel in your head, ain't you? Why, Chod, she's a dern sight better grub'n we ever see in all our lives!"

"Dat's wot's der matter, Jimmis, but every chump in der house 'll know dat less we kicks on sumpin!"

"Does we gatter kick, Chod?"

"Dat's wot we does, er we ain't no swells fer pins."

"Well, den, less kick on der soap-bowls wid der welling rines an' water in 'em!"

And they kicked accordingly.

Conkling's Statue.

Joe Howard says in his column in the *Record*—or that while Roscoe Conkling was considerable of a man in his way, he was not a Washington or Lincoln, who have their statues in Union Square, the vacant corner of which is reserved for Grant. Howard suggests several other places, however, where Conkling's statue would be very appropriate, all of which is correct and to the point.

The great man who desires to have a statue, or a monument, after he has gone hence, should attend to it himself before he dies. He might pay for it at the same time, and thus lift a heavy load off the minds of his fellow citizens.

Conkling, like many other great men, has a monument in the hearts of the people. Such a monument cannot be purchased. That's why he has it there.

A nice large bust, or a tall monument, or a dark brown statue is a very good arrangement to keep the *vax populi* from forgetting all about the departed statesman, but all of them put together cannot compete, in recalling the virtues of the deceased, with a neglected grave. A grave that is properly neglected every year will receive more mention in the newspapers than a dozen monuments, no matter how pretty they may appear to the eye. And then think of the cheapness. For the money required to "sculpt" and erect a statue the friends of the departed can have a dozen neglected graves in out-of-the-way places. Verily, the neglected grave is the thing to keep your memory green. Try it.—*Texas Sittings.*

What She Knew About Dogs.

Nick is an office boy employed on Broadway. He turned up in the office the other day with an ungainly looking cur hanging on to a tattered rope which he had improvised from some remnants in the ash barrel. The chief clerk shook his head resolutely at Nick's proposition that the canine should become one of the office staff. Nick said it was too cold for thoroughbred dogs to be wandering about without a home. The clerk said that it was a cur and had better die anyway, so Nick led his acquisition off into the street.

He was looking about as dejected as the cur, when a lady met him who looked as if she might have picked up her information about canines at the dog show.

She accosted Nick and asked him what he would take for the dog.

"Seventy-five cents," said Nick.

The woman took out a half a dollar and compromised. Then she led the dog off in triumph.

When Nick got back to the office the chief clerk said to him: "Nick, you're in luck; there's a ten dollar reward offered for your dog in the *Herald* this morning." Nick began to feel giddy. "The description tallies exactly. Takes it round to 15 Irving place and get your ten dollars," added the clerk. Nick slid out of the office without making any reply, and just as he reached the steps of No. 15 he met the woman who had bought the dog coming down with a new ten-dollar bill in her hand, and a smile on her face which made Nick go off and kick himself all over.—*New York Sunday Mercury.*

The Curse of Wealth.

What is called the "humble classes" in this country have much to worry them and make them peevish. Just now even the one-cent papers are teeming, so to speak, with illustrations and descriptions of Mr. Waldorf Astor's purchase of the Duke of Westminster's splendid estate of Cliveden on the banks of the Thames. Mr. Astor paid a few millions of the

money he gets from the rent of his New York houses.

There are a great many people in this country who have as hard a time raising a dollar as the boy had after he had swallowed a silver coin of that denomination. These poverty-stricken folks, who have no business on this earth, anyhow, become discontented when they read in a borrowed penny paper of the fine time the Astors are having. To counteract the effect of the published gorgeousness of the Astors the press should remind the humble classes of the miseries of great wealth.

In the first place, we should not seek to acquire wealth, because high livers suffer torments from the gout. All who live high, except the angels—and they are supposed to live very high—suffer from dyspepsia. Vast wealth is a curse to any man, because how bad it must have made Dives feel when he realized that he had so much more than other people to leave when he died. Moreover, great wealth is an enemy to self-reliance. As soon as a man owns a canoe he wants to hire somebody else to paddle it. There are other curses of wealth, and by the way, one of them, patented by the Vanderbilt family, is: "The public be damned."

However, we should never despise a man merely because he is rich and can give good dinners. He may be poor some day. Besides, there is always a field for the man who can live for fifty cents a week. It is called the Potter's field.

There is moreover a remedy for exaggerated wealth. If you have too much money start a religious daily in a big city. That explains why the late *Mail* and *Express* did not leave a larger fortune than it did.—*Texas Sittings.*

Something Funny About It.

Bagley—I suppose you are going to start your new paper in the interest of some ism. Bagley—Yes; I shall make the main plea of my editorials that America is for Americans. Bagley—Oh, you are going to make a humorous paper of it, eh?

What It Is Coming To.

Book Agent—Am I addressing the lady of the house? Bridget—Shure, but Oi am jist goin' t' th' matinee, an' th' other leddy is too busy gittin' dinner t' talk t' yez.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama.

ONE of the most important events for mention this week is Miss Jessie Alexander's recital in the Pavilion last Friday night. The great building was comfortably filled and the reception which the gifted elocutionist received on this, her first appearance since her serious illness, must have in a measure recompensed her for a winter of enforced retirement. When she quietly stepped upon the stage a spontaneous outburst of applause arose from ground floor and gallery, and all evening a feeling of friendliness pervaded the place. A common interest in that slight figure upon the platform united all present, and a consciousness that she had her auditors well in hand caused Miss Alexander to surpass herself. She is so well known that nothing new can be said of her performance on Friday night further than that she is more admired than ever.

The large audiences that were attracted to the Academy of Music by the Gorman Bros. Minstrels prove that Toronto audiences can enjoy a good thing when it is proffered them, while Manager Whitney is to be congratulated upon the move he made in providing a class of entertainment that is away above anything that has been seen at the Academy for some time. The various features of the show were of a good order, the songs, both part and chorus, were well rendered, and the dancing was very clever. The club swinger's performance was a rare treat for those who understand that branch of gymnastics, the muscular force necessarily called into play being entirely lost sight of in the grace of the performer's movements, and the spectators thus spared the disagreeable feelings which are called up when purely violent, ungraceful actions are witnessed. The balancing work of an India rubber individual was thrilling enough to make the spectators hold their breath, which was perhaps a good thing, as it gave them an opportunity to recover from the effects of the laughter caused by the humorous remarks of the "colored gemmen," who held the boards for half an hour, talking a strange mixture of wit and nonsense.

Miss Pauline Johnson recently gave her hundredth recital for this season to a large and delighted audience in Dundas. Such a record in a little over six months is certainly creditable to Miss Johnson and a proof, if one were needed, that not only her poems, but her rendition of them, are appreciated by the Canadian public. She will shortly make her first appearance in New York, and during the next two months has been engaged to appear at several of the spring teachers' institutes in the province.

Muggs' Landing is a trifle wearisome and hardly came up to expectations. There is a lack of interest in the piece which creates apathy in the audience. The three leading characters are well taken, but they are all comic, and the other parts are not sufficiently well played or conceived to create a contrast and enlist the sympathy of the spectators. Muggs and her allies are clever, and there is no doubt of their triumphing over Abel Dixon, who, however shrewd he may be, fails to impress anyone else with a sense of his acumen. He struck me as being an extremely stupid man, but whether that was my fault, that of the actor, or of the playwright, I don't know. Miss Leola Belle, who plays Muggs, is a clever, lively actress, and R. Shields and W. Peters are also good, but the remaining members of the company are poor and not all the acting of the three mentioned could save the piece from becoming heavy.

The Boston Symphony's date at the Grand for Tuesday night last was canceled, much to the regret of music lovers, and for reasons which I have neglected to ascertain.

The Grand may be said to have closed for the season, with the exception of the gladly hailed return of the Ramsey Morris stock company in Joseph for the week of May 24th.

Turner's English Girls will appear at the Academy of Music this evening.

The Academy of Music has almost closed its season, but there is at least one big attraction remaining. The Robin Hood Opera Company will return for May 15, 16 and 17. It is to be hoped that Caroline Hamilton and the inimitable Mostyn will not be left behind in New York. On its former visit this company carried Toronto by storm. Next week Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin Company will hold the boards and during Queen's Birthday week the closing attraction will be You and I.

Under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, the Macabees' dramas will be repeated at the Grand this afternoon and evening. A fine programme will be furnished and good houses should respond to the enterprise of the Knights.

The City Club will appear at Jacobs and Sparrow's Opera House on Monday night next and continue there throughout the week. It is called a delightful farce comedy and has some novel calcium light effects.

Moore's Musee has a strong list of attractions

this week, both in the curio hall and the "theatrum," as Orator Baker calls it. In the former are Ritter, king of potters, who turns out work, both useful and ornamental, at a rate which enables one to understand why the pottery trade is so dull in England and the market overstocked. I saw him make a cup and saucer in thirty-eight seconds. Siebert, an Albino, with the hair and eyes of Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke, of match tax fame; Chas. Young, whose clever work I mentioned last week, and M. H. De Gray are all good in their way. The latter is a man skilled in mesmerism and half a dozen other lems, all of which he practices upon Mlle. Josephine, whom he puts to sleep, and then with malice aforethought proceeds to sit and stand on her when she is stretched across two chairs. I recommend this treatment to those who are blessed (?) with refractory spouses. Mlle. Josephine when she is not being sat upon, carries water in a sieve like the Roman vestal of old. Down in the theater the Hoffman trio sustain the reputation of their countrymen in the Tyrol, as being wonderful warblers, and are followed by Jane A. Baker, who is a sure antidote for blues, ennui or melancholia, funny enough to chase away a London fog. Miss Marden has a good voice and knows how to use it, but the theater is too small for her and she has the, not bad, fault of singing songs which are not appreciated by all the audience. The Baker Bros. give an extremely funny act. In addition to considerable abilities as musicians and comedians, they are the happy possessors of the most extraordinary dog that ever existed. It smokes, expectorates, rolls its eyes heavenward and every other ward, and squawks when its tail is tramped upon. Mlle. Reval closes the performance by singing with all the vivacity and *entrain* of a Parisienne with a halo of electric lights on her head and a garland across her dress. The effect is very pretty indeed, but one cannot avoid a tremor as the idea suggests itself that if the insulation of the wires is not perfect Mlle. Reval runs a risk of going up in smoke or ascending to heaven by wire.

Magdalena Appollonia.

SUCH was her name. She came from the great American Republic, where she had been cook to the mother-in-law of the President. Leaving the flesh-pots of Egypt, she had returned to her native country.

"There is no place like Canada, man. You get more money in the States, but what is wages when you are lonely?" The heart of her young mistress swelled with patriotism, and she overlooked the fact that Magdalena Appollonia bore no resemblance either from the land of the free or elsewhere.

So Confusion and Magdalena Appollonia reigned in the bright new kitchen, and the afternoon sun shone on the greasy pots of yesterday's dinner.

The mistress of the house said, "Good cooks are dirty," and the master praised her because she made heavenly buns with sugar on top and currants inside, but he did not know that she used his best silk handkerchief when she had a cold.

In the moment of tender confidence before obtaining permission to attend a sleighing party and return early next morning, Magdalena Appollonia informed her mistress of her great likeness to the beautiful wife of the President, whose picture was sweeping over the face of the United States with a velocity exceeding that of a cyclone. Magdalena Appollonia went to the sleighing party.

Before this, she had won great praise from her master for her modesty and the zeal with which she attended to his few wants.

"This is an excellent girl, my dear, and quite pretty; we must keep her." His wife marveled that men should have been born so simple.

For weeks the lady of the house had haunted the dining-room and pantry with up-lifted nostrils. High mental culture had not deprived her of the means of detecting that small which rushes in at the side door along with a request for a few cents to pay for a night's lodging. During Magdalena Appollonia's absence she found it in the lowest right-hand cupboard behind the pantry door—a black bottle, short and square, which revealed fascinating glints of color when held up against the pantry window. It was empty, but the fragrance haunted it still.

When confronted by it later, Magdalena Appollonia said she would leave instantly, "not being used to snakes, ma'am, coming only from the blessed sod this very summer." She never let a foolish regard for the truth spoil a good story.

So departed Magdalena Appollonia, leaving behind her relics strange and various, whose removal occupied a man and a horse for half a day.

The departing load was rendered conspicuous by a chaotic arrangement of black bottles, all of which the interested scavenger found to be empty.

She Bought It Cheap.

HE had come up from Montreal on a visit to his wealthy but irascible old maiden aunt, and as he got into the coupe in which she had driven down to the Union Depot to meet him he laid himself out to captivate the old lady, for he was her favorite nephew, so far, and had expectations from her.

"Did you tell the caddy where to drive, Aunt Emily?" he asked before closing the door.

"Oh! he knows," answered his aunt, somewhat surprised at his calling her own private coachman a "caddy," for the turnout was a new investment and her greatest pride, and though it certainly did resemble a livery outfit, to intimate so much in her hearing was to offer the deadliest insult imaginable. "Why do you call him 'caddy'?" she added.

"Oh!" replied her nephew, "we call them all 'cabbies' in Montreal, unless it's a regular private carriage, and I can always distinguish one of them from an old, varnished-up livery rig like this."

"You see," he went on, mistaking her disapproving glare for a look of surprise, "a caddy's a caddy all the world over. You can put a silk

hat on his head, and a brass-buttoned coat on his back, but you can't disguise him in that manner. You ought to have a carriage of your own, Aunt Emily. Anyone could tell this was not. Hark at those squeaky old springs and the way the shafts rattle, and those axles haven't had any grease on for a year, judging from the way they creak. Then look at the man himself; not even a rug to cover up the patches on his pants and with his fingers coming through his gloves. Not that I mind it, bless you, but you are different, and therefore I think, auntie, that you really ought to buy a carriage."

"Thank you, Edward," she replied, and the window frosted over as she spoke, "thank you for the advice, but it is already followed."

"What! Have you got one, then—where is it?"

"We are sitting in it at present, Edward," replied his aunt in freezing tones.

She spent the rest of the drive in a mental debate whether to make her will in favor of a thirty-second cousin or blow it in on some charitable institution, while the luckless Edward kicked himself in the spirit and accused himself beneath his breath that his name was "Dinnis."

Where The Judge Was Silent

NO man on the Canadian bench is more punctilious than Justice Robertson, who is not by any means an old man yet. He will not tolerate the slightest breach of court etiquette either in language or manner, and he seldom fails to interpose when a lawyer or witness commences to grow hazy.

At Chatham a few days ago, His Lordship had occasion to hear a case in which an old colored gentleman was a material witness. The latter spoke in a husky voice, and the judge stood his almost unintelligible sentences as long as he could. At last he interposed:

"Witness, I desire you to speak more clearly. Your utterance is so thick that I can hardly understand a word you say."

"Well boss," returned the old negro, while the counsel stood aghast, "when folks git as old as you an' me, they don't find it so easy to do their hollerin' very plain, d'yee see, boss?"

PEACEFUL JONES.

Here is One For Yourself.

THE man who is too fond of hearing himself talk is a public nuisance. No one objects to listening to a man who is worth hearing, or even listening to a crank once in a while. But the individual referred to in this paragraph is built like a self setting rat trap, if he misses you the first time he sets himself again, keeps right on as long as he can get anyone to smell at his stale bit of cheese, and when nibblers run out, keeps on opening and shutting mechanically as long as there is anything with life in sight.

He knows nothing about exhausted nature and never heard of clockwork. There are even grave doubts in the minds of scientists as to whether dynamite would fetch him. The only thing to do when your luck deserts you and you find yourself saddled with this kind of a huckleberry, is to try and get him committed to gaol. If you can't do that, do the next best thing and strike for the States.

Then there is the beast who bawls at you when there is no occasion for anything above a whisper. The best way to deal with this kind of a vocalist is to coax him on till his voice cracks. If that won't work, do all your conversation with him by telephone.

As for the truculent ruffian who interrupts you when you are making a speech, dare him to come out from behind his mouth, compliment him on the size of that organ; tell him that it is a fine large expanse of aperture, and that you feel convinced that there is a great future before it. Assure him that you are certain that with such a glorious mouth he can swallow anything, and wind up by beseeching him, in feeling terms, for heaven's sake to commence by swallowing himself.

G. J. A.

Kisses that Keep.

They have been married years and years, yet never had he gone away from the breakfast table in the morning without a good-bye kiss, until a friend came to visit them, one of those cynical, time-soured bachelors who find fault with everybody and everything, and decide for themselves that the whole scheme of creation is wrong.

The friend did not say anything at the time, although the kiss jarred on his sense of the proprieties, but he waited till he had his host by the ear, so to speak, then he said:

"You seem to keep the honeymoon pretty well, George. Must be a deuced bore, too, when the romance is over."

Then good, weak George began to get wabby in his mind, and had a silly fear that his friend was making fun of him.

"Yes," he said, as he lighted a cigar, "it is rather a bore, don't you know, but the little woman expects it."

"I dare say," resumed the friend, "but I wouldn't coddle her any more if I were you. It's too—too domestic, you see, for this age. Makes a man seem spongy and weak."

"Yes, I've thought so myself. Guess I'll turn over a new leaf with the little woman."

The little woman, who had more sense in her least finger than George had in his whole body, was greatly surprised when her husband threw his breakfast napkin on his plate, rose in haste and with a cackled "Ta-ta, dear," ran off without the customary salute. But she didn't say anything, and bided her time. It came sooner than was expected.

George went home at night without the friend, who had returned whence he came. At dinner George was silent and morose, and the little woman asked:

"Anything gone wrong to-day?"

"Yes, Everything. Lost \$20 out of my vest pocket."

"Too bad, but it might have been worse."

"Then I mislaid some valuable papers that I carried in the inside pocket of my coat—it's just been one of my worrying days, don't you know."

"George," said the little woman in a calm,

sweet voice, "don't you think it all happened because you went away without a good-bye kiss? I've had a worrying day, too, and I laid it all to that."

"By Jove, little woman, I believe you're right. Queer but I really believe there's something in it!"

"And here is the money; you dropped it on the hall floor in your hurry. And the papers are probably in your other coat—you know you changed this morning."

"That settles it, little woman," and George gave her the kiss he had omitted in the morning with interest, and if the friend could have seen it he would have gnashed his teeth—but he didn't. —Detroit Free Press.

About Earthquakes.

The island of Zante has been visited by several destructive earthquakes, and as might be expected real estate has taken a big tumble.

The people of Zante are not as fortunate as classic Boston, as they can never have an earthquake at the hub. If they had one it would only be an earthquake, but "seismic phenomenon."

There was an earthquake however, last November, and a great many people are still suffering from the consequences. It is reassuring to know that the Republican politicians do most of the suffering.

Earthquakes are probably intended to convey a great moral lesson. They teach us—or at least they should teach us—not to be selfish. After the quake there are people who don't want the earth as much as they did.

After an earthquake in Kentucky, a new drink called "the earthquake protector" was invented. After a man had taken a few of them, an ordinary earthquake had no more effect on him than a slight chill. In fact, he will walk right up to an earthquake and invite it to hit him.

When it comes to the land agitation, Ireland is not in it with Zante. In comparison, the Ulster question is a very insignificant affair.

It was a great mistake to suppose, as has been asserted by some scientists, that earthquakes were the demonstrations of pent-up gas. Earthquakes were in style hundreds of years before gas was invented.

Earthquakes are very common in California. When they are in season and a man calls for a cocktail, the barkeeper, having prepared the ingredients, waits for an earthquake to come along and shake them. —Texas Sifting.

Love's Young Dream.

A man met with a sextant the other day going on a surveying expedition, says a writer.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Just a piece out to run some lines."

"Fine instrument."

"Yes; but it lost me my first love."

"How so?"

"Well, I was taking a sight on a hill-side, on which was a blackberry patch. Just as I got the bearing on my point of observation, one of the most beautiful girls I ever laid eyes on—white frock, jaunty bonnet, all except the wings—came within range."

"Well?"

"I turned pale around my heart, lost my bearings, and then became totally engrossed in the contemplation of her figure."

"What else?"

"She stooped, not to conquer, but to pluck a blackberry. She turned her face toward me unconsciously, curved her lips, and if a volcano had suddenly yawped its jaws I would not have been so astounded. She dropped a blackberry, apparently as big as a young pig, into that rusty cavern (you see that I forgot I was looking through a sextant), and then I wished that I was dead."

"That was the end of love's young dream with me, and I have remained a bachelor ever since." —Chicago Journal.

What Was Broken.

The lissome form of the beautiful woman was shaken by the convulsions of her grief, and the fixed look of dumb, hopeless misery in her dark eyes was pitiful beyond words.

"Marian, Marian, for your own sake be calm," entreated her friend as she knelt by her side and tenderly removed the hands that had covered the hot, tear-stained face. "Tell me what it all means, dear."

"I cannot, I cannot," was the dull, listless reply. "No—no; I never can tell anyone."

"You must—you shall," insisted the other firmly. "I cannot bear to see all brightness crushed out of your life without sharing the burden with you, sweet. Perhaps it will make you feel better."

"Nothing can do that now. But I will tell you. It is best you should know all, perhaps. You—you remember that horrid creature from Cadillac whom I engaged as cook last week? Oh, I thought she was such a paragon. So young and modest and dainty in her ways! I—I had every confidence in her. And this morning I happened to step into the dining-room just as there was a great crash in the kitchen. I opened the door quickly and saw my new soup tureen lying in fragments on the floor and my husband kissing the cook."

"The monster!" hissed her friend.

"Yes," sobbed the stricken woman, "it was the loveliest piece of china in the house." —Grand Rapids Democrat.



It Is Not Always May.

The sun is bright—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue you winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nests beneath the eaves—
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
For O, it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

—Longfellow

Nursery Tales Re-told.

THE FLY AND THE SPIDER.

For Saturday Night.

'Twixt a poplar tall and an old stone wall
Hung the silken web of a spider small,
And a fly hornet paused to rest
On the tree, from which was hung the nest
Of the spider small.

And a single strand of the silken snare,
Fluttering in the balmy air,
Clung to that hornet's slender limb
And rather irritated him.

So he gave a pull to the tickling thread,
Which startled the spider overhead,
Who, quite undaunted by his size,
Came out to stalk this king of flies,
With noiseless tread.

Now, a hornet's wings are not the things
To fall that bird when a spider stings,
Nor is he likely to prance along,
As did the fly in that old song
The spider sings.

So, when she came, his ribs to woo,
He fluttered his gauze and away he flew;
And, having read that good old song,
He took the parlor right along,
And the spider, too.

And they headed straight for a white-capped bay
Which gleamed in the sunlight far away,
But if he shook her as he flew,
Or dumped her into the waters blue,
I cannot say.

Ye spiders who possess eight legs,
And ye who have but two,
The poet (?) here his moral begs
To introduce to you:
When building webs for foolish flies,
Take care to make them strong,
But just lie low and close your eyes
When hornets come along.

UNCLE ARTHUR.

Kitty Marlow.

For Saturday Night.

The soft breeze was sighing,
The daylight was dying,
As into the garden stepped Kitty Marlow.
Oh, fair as a flower
She looked in that hour,
Aye! fairer than any which blossom and blow.

Yet sadly she grieved
"Of joy bereaved,
Oh Marmaduke, Marmaduke, never to guess
That a maid's sweetest toils
Is rarely outpoken
And when she says 'no' she so often means 'yes.'"

Long years have I trod
And sadly regretted
While exiled by sorrow you wander unknown!
Oh, day of good fortune
Go, kindly importune
My loved one and whisper "She lingers alone."

"Far, far would I travel,"
A step on the gravel,
A voice in the silence rings clear and serene
"Where's Kitty? my Kitty?"
Ah, changed is the ditty,
"It is no longer 'Oh! Marmaduke Dano!'"

F. M. DELAFORE.

The Plight of a Pessimist.

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quot as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas I ask!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus through life we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Every thing moves that goes,
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

—Chicago Mail.

The Proper Way.

Olive—He had been refused by all the girls in our set before she accepted him.

Violet—So he was well shaken before taken.

Between You and Me.

"O H, YOU are such an idealist!" said somebody, good-naturedly chaffing Lady Gay, when she was seriously inclined. And very solemnly I allowed I was. Why shouldn't I allow it, and accept the allegation to the confusion of the allegorist? When a woman swears off idealism, she becomes a sort of nondescript creature, with no little feminine enthusiasms, no pets, no dreams, no hopes, no nothing. Such women prod needles into plain sewing and cry "Don't talk to me about men! They're all alike!" and their tone conveys what the likeness must resemble. Such women let themselves grow old with self-debasing vindictiveness they drag their hair off their foreheads, and wisp it up anyhow they wear ill-cut and unbecoming gowns with a hardened unconcern that frightens folks; they go about with that dullness of the eyes and sternness of the mouth that proclaim the lack of hope within them. Their voices grow harsh and bitter-toned, their footsteps fall tuneless along the rock-road of common sense. They look straight ahead, neither up nor down, right, or left. They make me tired.

What should we do without our ideals? Would one in a thousand of us ever get married? Would one in a thousand stay married a week? If we could not idealize the man or woman we were bound to? Idealism keeps the world going, smooths the rough, glides the brass, paints tints on every sordid gray stone and cloud, leads her twin sister, Hope, with "starry eyes far seeing mid the gloom," and together they lift the groveling spirit, breathe songs into silent lips and laughter into dull faces. Idealism makes heaven and love, and life worth living. Idealism contents the mother with her unattractive or puny offspring; idealism breathes forgiveness to the erring husband, the wayward son, the flippant daughter; idealism helps the missionary, the pioneer, the poor, the frail, the weary. Things are not to them as they are (if one may be a little Irish), but as their idealism paints them. Without idealism you and I would abhor each other, ourselves, and life. Just think a moment, and confess it is your necessity as well as mine to be somewhat of an idealist.

Idealism is intensely practical, as practical as the act of putting quinine up in capsules, which has always seemed to me the most blessed and wonderful cuteness of this century. There are always three ways of meeting life and its affairs. One can be combative, unquiescent, rebellious, or lymphatic, submissive and enduring, or hopeful, brave and determinately happy through all. Suppose you have a disagreeable matter, it is quite possible to so stifle the spirit of rebellion, to so train and discipline nerves and will, that you can follow it with heart free and spirit untiring with gloom on its account. I remember very long ago being punished for some unprecedented childish devilment, by having the usual hearty meal curtailed to one slice of stale dry bread. I was hungry and I was imaginative. I decided to imagine myself a political prisoner (I had been reading some old-time history), and I arranged that I should be starved to force me to betray my sovereign. All details are superfluous. I accepted the stale bread with what I fancied was an air of incorruptible loyalty, but which drew from nurse uncomplimentary comments. I ate it slowly to nourish myself and be strong under trial. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life! The meal was so idealized that bread crusts represented loftier and nobler food than the nectar and ambrosia of Olympus. I often find myself reverting to that old experience and in all seriousness accepting the lesson it taught.

"Papa," said little Douglas, the other day, holding out a seedy and scaly morsel. "I've eaten all the meat off my apple, what shall I do with the bone?" Whereupon papa indulged in a laugh at the quaint diction of Douglas and told him to throw "the bone" away. I think there are sometimes people who have eaten all the meat and don't know enough to throw away the bone. Bones of sentiment, bones of custom, bones of tradition, bones of by-gone issues of party and faction: They are always carrying them round and making skeletons, abject and gruesome, to annoy and scare you and me. The meat is clean stripped away, only the dry and useless bone remains, but though they know that as well as we do, yet they carry their refuse resortment round with them, and have not even the desire to get rid of it, which called forth the funny speech of my little three-year-old neighbor.

A correspondent writes me demanding ever so much information about board, lodgings, distances and localities in the neighborhood of the World's Fair. I am also informed that visitors to the sanctuary have come on the same errand of enquiry. I know of no cheap places to stay in Chicago, but I am going for my correspondents' sake to get some information before very long. For reasons which I need not detail, I am not personally much agitated about board and lodging, but my friends who have come, and written, and sent word demanding instant information will get it as soon as I do.

Do you know a sea captain? If you don't, your list of friends is not complete. There is a certain sort of genial, sturdy, beaming-all-over and lordly flavor about the friend who is a sea captain which land-lubbers may imitate but can't duplicate. His big writing with its wide, steady lines and its heavy dots and dashing curves and turns, comes sweet with the breath of the briny, his hearty sentences sound like the boom of the great waves when they carry on elephants' flirtations with the gales. His compliments are plain and sincere, his friendship an anchor for all time. Somehow, the very thought of him, wrapped in his great oilskin coat, with his tarpaulin hat jammed firmly on, and tethered by a band to his button, his seven-leagued boots, gigantic and awful, his hands clasped behind him, his keen, practised eyes scanning the boiling ocean, his weather-tanned face and thick beard, just frosted here and there by Time's chill fingers, his great voice, deep-toned and commanding—ah! if you don't know a sea captain like this, I am "real sorry" for you! I do.

LADY GAY.

EPISODES OF THE RIEL REBELLION.

BY GEORGE B. BROOKS.

AT LAST the doubts and mysteries which had for so long hung around the Frog Lake massacre were cleared up, the finding of the four bodies in the basement of the Roman Catholic church proving that a terrible tragedy had been enacted. The people of Canada were slow to believe that the "wards of the nation" had been guilty of so grave a crime, and the truthfulness of the reports which from time to time came from the North Saskatchewan district were questioned and denied. It was on April 11th that the newspapers of Canada published the first rumors of the outbreak—meagre in detail, but giving a list of ten killed, a list which was subsequently proved to be slightly inaccurate. The chief victims of the tragedy were the two Roman Catholic priests, Revs. Father Adelard Fafard



BIG BEAR.

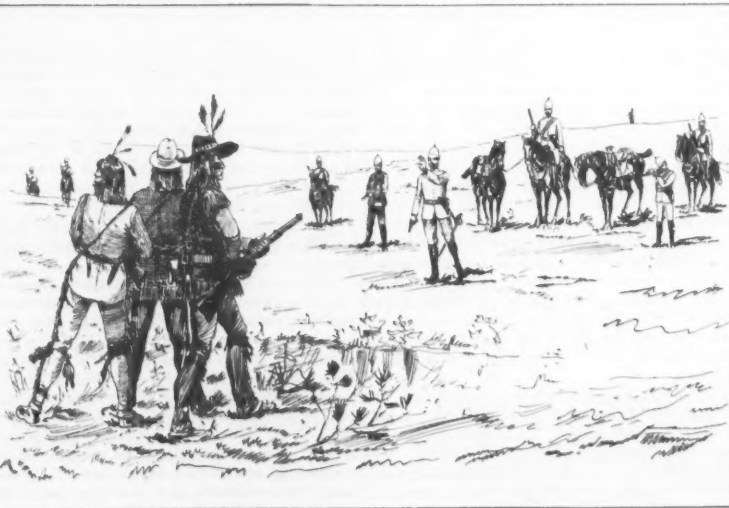
and Father Felix M. Marchand, both belonging to the order of Oblates. Rev. Father Fafard was born in the Province of Quebec in 1849 and was made an Oblate Father in 1874. He was ordained a priest in Montreal, and from that time devoted his life to missionary work among the North-West Indians. He was a zealous priest and a man of splendid education. Rev. Father Marchand was a young man born in the Province of Quebec in 1858 and ordained by Bishop Grandin at St. Albert in 1881. He, too, was enthusiastic in his work. And it is the same with all the Catholic missionaries in the North-West. He who has traveled through that vast portion of the Dominion must have often met with educated white men dwelling in the midst of a wild, savage people whom they tended with a strange and mother-like devotion, upheld in their life of denial by a simple faith which seems something more than human. And what is true in one case seems to be true in all, whether the priest be stationed at Winnipeg or in some far remote mission, north or south, far in advance of trader or settler have gone those fragile men, brought up amid the sunny scenes of the St. Lawrence or old France, scenes they are destined never to see again in this life. It is a curious contrast to find in that far distant, lonely land men of culture and high mental excellence devoting their lives to the civilization of wild Indians. I care not what particular form of belief the onlooker may hold, he is but a poor man who can witness such devotion and abnegation of self through the narrow glass of sectarian feeling and see in it nothing but the self-interested labor of persons holding opinions foreign to his own.

From those who were made prisoners at Frog Lake and who for long weary weeks were compelled to accompany their captors through muskeg and swamp, half-starved and in daily fear of their lives, the following particulars of the massacre were gleaned on their liberation from captivity after the fight at Frenchman's Butte, the latter end of May. Big Bear, a worthless, discontented Indian, had been prowling about the country between Battleford and Fort Pitt with his band for some months, stirring up discontent wherever he went. Partly by threats and partly by persuasion he induced the bands of Crees at Pitt, Onion Lake, Saddle Lake, Fort Victoria and Fort Chippewyan to join him, and together they went on the war-path, as motley and ill-favored a gang of vagabonds as ever defied government authority. On April 2nd they visited the settlement at Frog Lake and invited the Indian agent there, T. T. Quinn, and others to a conference in their camp, the stated reason of the desired pow-wow being the insufficient quantity of provisions served out to the Indians. Quinn and his friends went to the camp and were immediately shot. Hearing the firing, Rev. Fathers Fafard and Marchand went over to the Indian camp and it was while they were administering the last rites of the Catholic Church to the wounded and dying, and while kneeling, that they were treacherously shot in the back, their bodies being burnt and mutilated afterwards. Those murdered, in addition to the two priests and the Indian agent, were John Delaney, M. Gowanlock (brother of ex-Ald. Gowanlock of

Toronto), Charles Gouin, William Gilchrist and two others. Mrs. Gowanlock and Mrs. Delaney, at first reported murdered, were taken prisoners together with several others.

The Indians in the North Saskatchewan district were a motley crowd, some of them fine, many fellows and thoroughly loyal; others a depraved, worthless lot, chronic grumblers and loafers. The leaders of the rebellion in that district were Big Bear, Red Pheasant, Little Poplar, Dressy Man, and Wandering Spirit; the first mentioned a notorious vagabond and a coward to boot, the last named brave and crafty. In the days before the Mounted Police were formed, the aboriginal races of the North Saskatchewan held a foremost place among the inhabitants of the North-West, and in point of numbers and in power were able to commit numerous depredations without punishment. That power was curtailed by the influence of free-traders, mostly Half-breeds, men whose object was to obtain possession of all the furs the Indians might have to dispose of at the least cost to themselves, and to gain that end they spared no efforts. It was those traders who circulated the idea among the Indians that they suffered injustice at the hands of Government and Hudson Bay Company officials. It was those men who plied the Indians with alcohol and who prophesied the downfall of the company and the influx of settlers into the territory to occupy the hunting ground and drive out the Indians. It was those men who were at the bottom of the trouble; men who traveled from band to band, from reserve to reserve, with their Red River carts and store of fire-water and cheap finery, and by mis-statements stirred up Indian discontent and by their trickery in barter led the way to Indian animosity against the whites. Chiefly of French descent, those Half-breed free-traders, as they were called, were gay, idle, dissipated, unreliable and ungrateful. Capable of enduring great fatigue, they could scarcely ever be depended upon in a critical moment.

The pure North-West Indian is superior in almost every respect to the French Half-breed. Vices he may and does have, plenty of them, but his virtues are all his own and are not acquired from books or schooling. They come from that instinct of good which his Manitou, or Great Spirit, has taught him; they are the whifflings from his future world, whose glorious shores and prairies, teeming with game, are the dream of his life. No savages living possess more natural eloquence, more dignity or more poetry of soul than the Indians of North America, and yet it has been and is the fashion to-day to hold them in derision and to deny them the possession of one atom of sensibility. Again and again one can hear it said in the Territories, "The only good Indian is the dead Indian." If there are any who are disposed to deny this, I answer I have heard it said hundreds of times by men who in courage, honesty and self-respect were beneath the Indian. It is the same story from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf of Mexico. First the white man was the welcome guest, the honored visitor, and he too often repaid his hosts by cheating them in trade barter; by dealing out to them fire-water and poison; by dishonoring their daughters and by introducing among them loathsome diseases. Terrible deeds have been committed among the Indians; deeds of cruelty, deeds of perfidious robbery, of rapacious infamy, committed by so-called civilized men more brutal by nature than the red men. No wonder that all this injustice bore bitter fruit and that the generous nature of the Indian, warped and distorted by a sense of wrong, was ready enough to be led astray and that neither missionaries nor Government agents were able to convince him of his error.



THE FIRST THREE PRISONERS—MEMBERS OF WHITE CAP'S BAND.

The wonder is, not that a mere handful of Indians should have risen in rebellion, but that the vast majority of them should have remained loyal.

After the melancholy task of burying four of the victims of the Frog Lake massacre had been completed, those who had been engaged in it returned to camp to snatch a few minutes' well earned sleep and rest, but in that they were disappointed. A good hour before the usual time of sounding the reveille the buglers were at work, scouts sent out in advance having brought the news that they had sighted a strong band of Indians between the camp and Pitt and journeying towards the latter place. It was "strike tents, pack up and after them as fast as possible." All was hurry and bustle for a short time, and then the column resumed its march with strong guards in rear and advance, the ammunition and provision wagons in the center, covering the thirty miles between Frog Lake and the Fort

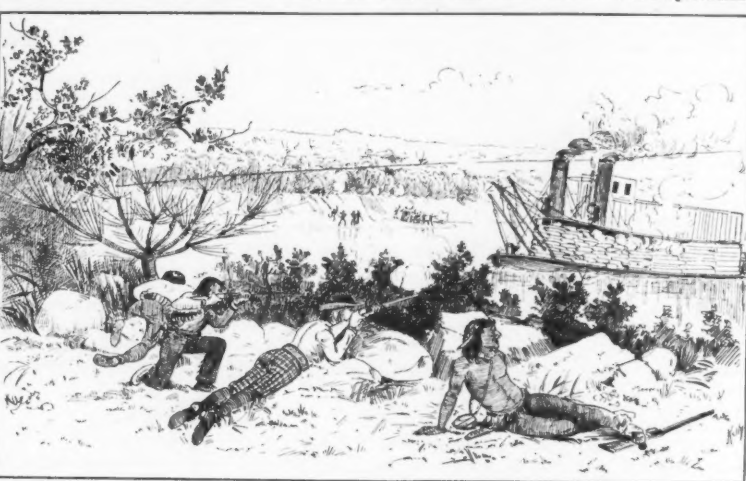
between 3.30 a.m. and 5 p.m., as fast as a bit of forced marching as was done during the campaign.

The country between Frog Lake and Pitt maintained its rich and beautiful appearance. Everywhere nature had written in unmistakable characters the story of the fertility of the soil; everywhere the eye looked upon panoramas filled with the beauty of lake and stream, grassy slope and undulating woodland. The country resembled one vast park and all day we marched through the beautiful land, with one brief halt at noon, arriving in the neighborhood of the Fort towards evening. During the day evidences were not wanting that Indians were about. A stray, gaunt yellow dog or two were observed, a disabled cart was passed, and on the banks of one stream were the marks of a recent encampment of teepees with some of the fires near them still smouldering. Pitt is situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan, ninety-eight miles west of Battleford and two hundred and four east of Edmonton, on a low, rich flat about fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the river, and extending from it several hundred yards. At one time it was a strong post containing several blockhouses with watch towers, the whole surrounded by a strong and high stockade. But when the rebellion broke out its glory had departed. As the fur-bearing animals gradually disappeared, so the importance of the post and its trade diminished, and of late years Fort Pitt had been used principally as a Mounted Police station, the Hudson Bay Co.'s interest in it being of secondary importance. On the 15th day of April the place was surrounded by over one hundred Indians under the leadership of Big Bear and Little Poplar, and Inspector Dickens, a son of the famous novelist, was

the body was reverently lowered into it, and just as the sun sank behind the western hills three volleys fired over the grave awoke the echoes of the place and told to all who heard them that the deceased had at last received the honors given to the military dead. Subsequently a neat picket fence was erected around the grave and a wooden slab placed at its head.

That night no tents were pitched, no camp fires lighted, everybody bivouacking as best he could, depending upon the vigilance of sentries and pickets for safety. About an hour after dark Inspector Steele with a guard of mounted scouts stole out of the camp and followed the trail of the Indians. Nothing was heard of him until about an hour after daybreak, and then the sentries reported that they thought they had heard the distant rattle of musketry in the east. Their ears had not deceived them, for shortly afterwards one of Steele's scouts galloped into the camp with information from the Inspector that he had come across the Indians, had shot and killed one of them, was following the band, about four hundred of them, and with a request for the infantry to follow at once. There was no breakfast that morning; in lieu thereof every man had all the hard tack served out to him he could carry, and to every two men was served out a tin of preserved meat. Leaving a force to protect Fort Pitt, the remainder of us, taking along the field-piece drawn by six horses, were very soon proceeding eastward, close to the bank of the river.

Everybody, from the General down, was in high spirits, the only discontented ones being those told off to remain at the fort. Without tents, without overcoats, with only such provisions as each man could carry about him, all knew there would be some privation,



AMBUSHING THE STEAMER NORTHCOTE.

the fort, and with the consent of Inspector Dickens Mr. McLean went outside the stockade and had a parley with Big Bear. That interesting scallawag stated that if the factor, the members of his family and the other settlers were given up, then the police would be allowed to proceed to Battleford in peace, terms which Mr. McLean urged the Inspector to accept, which he did, and for which he has been severely censured since. The police floated down the river in a flat boat, reaching Battleford in safety, and the settlers, the Hudson Bay Co.'s factor and his family went into the Indian camp as prisoners. The next day the Indians looted the fort and destroyed the stockade around it.

Such were the bare facts of the evacuation of Pitt, but what had occurred in its neighborhood for over a month was not known. As we drew cautiously near the place we found it in ruins, all the block-houses except one having been burnt, the fire still smouldering. A zereba was formed by the wagons on the high land about a mile or less from the Fort and overlooking it; the horses and mules were placed inside, and that done, attention was paid to putting out the smouldering timbers.

but everybody was elated at the thought of having a brush with the rebels, their superior numbers not being taken into consideration. While only a few, comparatively speaking, had seen the mutilated bodies at Frog Lake, every man in the force, teamsters and herders included, had seen the body of poor Cowan lying on the prairie and the sight had not provoked softened feelings towards the Indians. Those composing the column had had a hard, weary time of it since leaving Calgary. There had been long marches day after day, through creeks and swamps, over rough trails and through dense bush. Many a foot was sore, clothes had become ripped and torn, provisions had not been over plentiful since leaving Edmonton, but the fact that we were close upon the Indians, that our scouts had come across and killed one of them, and were then close behind and following them, at the same time being in communication with the main body, caused all hardship to be forgotten and the men stepped out with as much vim and spirit as if they had been on a parade.

For about five miles the trail was close to the river. It then turned sharp to the north and a steep hill had to be climbed, and it was on the brow of that hill that the Indian—the chief of the Saddle Lake band—had been shot dead by our scouts. His body lay close to the trail and was that of a finely built man, quite six feet tall. There was no time to be wasted in burying him, and he was left lying just as the scouts left him and as he had been shot down. Again the trail turned to the south and followed the river, but now on high land, at least a couple of hundred feet above the level of the water. For twelve miles we marched along, passing numerous traces of the Indians but seeing nothing of them. About noon, scouts brought the intelligence that the rebels were making a stand on the brow of a heavily timbered hill and were not more than a couple of miles away. After a brief rest, during which the tins of preserved meat were considerably lightened, we proceeded eastward in fours, and at attention, not walking at ease, and with the ranks well closed. Then there was another halt, and then the troops were formed into line with the front to the east. The field-piece was brought into action, was loaded and a shell sent into the trees on the brow of a hill, exploding just above them. There was no reply on the part of the Indians and the column again advanced. Again the field-piece was fired and this time was answered by a volley of musketry, the bullets whirling over our heads. The next order was to advance in skirmishing order and the next, after about a hundred yards had been covered, to lie down. While lying down the gun kept shelling the brow of the hill, the shells passing over our heads. After about an hour of this kind of work the command "Forward" again came and we went in skirmishing order. It was no easy task climbing the hill and pushing through the trees, and more than one bayonet was lost in the task, and just exactly what was being done was hard to say, it being almost impossible, and quite so at times, to see your right and left man. Then there came a cheer, followed by another, and still another, and somehow we were on the top of the hill and had in some manner or another driven the Indians from their position. We bivouacked that night without fires, without food, without tobacco, right where the Indians made their stand, and at three o'clock the next morning were again after them and had another and a more satisfactory day's work.

Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL

By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Court," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE WATCHMAN'S LANTERN.

Harry Barkstead lay dead in the club-room of the Norfolk Inn.

At one end of the room two pillars, representing two orders of architecture, stood for Masonic symbols.

It was the room in which a body of Freemasons met once a month to perform their mysteries.

Once a year the county ball was held there. Elms Webb had often stood outside the famous old tavern to see the fine ladies go in. She was herself a fine lady now, the belle of a winter resort under the blue skies of Italy.

There was no other room, thought the landlord, so fitting for the body to rest in as the dim old club-room. It would be convenient for the jury to view the corpse and handy for the undertaker, giving as it did directly upon the courtyard.

All the other rooms were more or less engaged. The club-room would not be required until New Year.

It did not matter to Harry Barkstead where his body might be lodged upon this occasion, though in his life he was fastidious, not to say luxurious, in his tastes.

In due course the hotel went to rest. Yarmouth closed its eyes.

The only wakeful person seemed to be the watchman, who, a lantern in one hand and a stick in the other, left his box at long intervals and announced the hour and the state of the weather.

"Twelve o'clock, and a snowy morning!" was heard that night by many unusually sleepless burgesses, but it made no impression upon Harry Barkstead; nor, indeed, was David Keith conscious of the watchman's cry. One lay dead, and according to the latest accounts in bar-parlor and tap-room—David Keith was dying.

It was not so, however. David, between white sheets, watched by loving eyes, tended by the best medical skill, lay unconscious in his own comfortable bed-room in Hartley's Row. It was a truckle bed, with white dimity curtains drawn at the head of it to shield the sleeper's face from the firelight and the candle that stood in a long round tin box with holes at the side, through which the light flickered in a furtive, sick-room kind of fashion.

Over the mantel there were three silhouette portraits, one of David, one of Sally, and one of Elms Webb. Sally had not dared to take the latter down, even when the news came to her of the flight of David's sweetheart with his trusted friend. She had determined that when David came back he should come to his own nest and daintily kept little room. There were his hanging bookshelves, upon which he kept certain favorite volumes, his oak chest containing sea shells, pebbles, a few old knives, a dagger, a flint pistol, a bit of the wreck of a ship lost off the North Dunes, and other curiosities. In the closet still hung the jacket he had worn on his expeditions in the Swallow.

On the wall facing the foot of his bed were sundry florid and shining figures of various heroes cut in relief from printed pictures colored in red and purple and green and blue, and embossed with gold and silver tinsel, giving the effect of splendid armor. William the Conqueror with a powerful battle-axe was defying the Black Prince in iron spangles and flashing a gigantic sword. There were also representatives of Julius Cæsar, Robin Hood and "King Dick," as Richard III. was invariably called by the gallant youth of Yarmouth in the youthful days of David Keith.

The firelight played in a friendly way on these familiar objects, but David neither saw them nor lit. By the fire, as the watchman called the hour, sat a silent figure not unlike Don Quixote, grim, bony, with a long neck and rope-like sinews, bright deep eyes, a long face and a firm yet generous mouth half hidden behind a straggling mustache that was mixed up with his beard, a curious, thoughtful, kindly, strange-looking old man. He was taking his turn with the women who were nursing the unconscious lad who lay calm and still with his head bandaged and his lips almost as pale as his face.

But as you will see, David Keith was better off than Harry Barkstead. David did not know that he was better off. At the time when the watchman cried the hour he might have been as dead as Harry Barkstead so far as he knew; but he was much better off for all that.

Alan, his father, sat lovingly and patiently at his beck and call when he should wake to consciousness. Moreover, he had a nice fire in the room; it was his own room; the old familiar dumb things he had known in his boyish days were waiting for his recognition; and below stairs one of his nurses in particular was young and loved him with the fervency of a first love, while the other, who had been to him as a mother, only wanted to be asked to lay down her life for him to do cheerfully.

But Harry Barkstead was abed in his boots, in a cold cheerless room, the history of which was heavy with ghastly memories of Freemasons who had been torn limb from limb in olden days for broken vows; with ghastly memories of bygone feasts; with ghastly memories of dance and song and music from sweet lutes and all kinds of sad and happy occurrences; no father sitting by, no sweet greetings awaiting his return to consciousness; dead as any of the masons of old who had handed down the passwords from the days of Solomon.

Harry Barkstead may perhaps be said to have been happy in one thing; at least he knew nothing of the junketings and fine doings of Lord Grennox and the Lady Webb away in the sunny climes where such a night of snow and chill as had fallen upon Yarmouth was impossible; nor was he conscious of the bitter scorn with which his father regarded his life and death. What Harry Barkstead's spiritual experiences might be it is not worth while to

consider, but his mortal body was in a sorry state.

And outside of these two rooms—the club-room of the Norfolk and the chamber in Hartley's Row—the snow fell in a steady downpour. There were no stars, no sky was to be seen; hardly a light was visible in Yarmouth, except the occasional flicker of the watchman's lantern.

The snow fell all over the land. It came down in such heavy flakes that it even calmed the sea. All the world was hushed. The dunes were rounded hillocks. Never indeed were they anything else except when the wind sometimes blew them into imitations of miniature crags from which they soon fell again into their native shapes; but on this night of the tragedy at the Norfolk Inn they were rounded with snow, the valleys themselves climbing into hillocks, the hillocks covering every trace of rush and reed that had been browned by autumn winds and torn by wintry gales.

Along the beach by Caister there was a light in the Look-out station, and your imagination might lead you to see the group of sturdy fellows posted there, some lying prone on the benches, others sitting up and smoking their pipes, all ready to go forth to the aid of any ship that might be in distress. But who could go to the aid of that human ship that hung out its light on the Yarmouth side of the Look-out? Zacheus Webb had his light burning to welcome the prodigal daughter, who without any thought of him was walking on flowers and basking in sunshine.

The poor old smackman had heard nothing as yet of the death of Harry Barkstead. Curiously enough he had never once thought of him. From the moment that he knew his daughter had left Caister, no thought but of her entered into his mind. He blamed no one, desired no vengeance, did not dream of following his child; he was stunned with a great blow, and he sat down to wait for Elms Webb's return. "She'll come home," he said, "Elms will, all in good time; she'll come home."

And the watchman at uncertain intervals went forth from his shelter, muffled in comfort, laden with capes, with his slouched hat pulled down over his ears, and proclaimed the night of time.

CHAPTER X.

"THROUGH THE VALLEY."

The deep unredeemed shadows of the night that lay so heavy on the town dominated to a great extent the morning and the evening of the next day. Nature seemed to be in sympathy with the gloom of the story that was being told not now in Yarmouth only, but with variations along the coast; for ill news travels apace even with snow and darkness against it. Yarmouth paused in the midst of her preparations for Christmas to listen to the details of the fight and to speculate upon the consequences thereof to David Keith. Shop windows in course of decoration with festive fruits and toys were left half-finished. The snow interposed, however, with the characteristic embellishment of white drift, and here and there the window panes were frosted with strange designs.

The waits postponed their rehearsals for the time being, and the street hawkers laid aside their sheets of carols in the hope of being provided with more attractive verses descriptive of the tragedy of the Norfolk Inn.

In the general details of the story, wherever it was told, the figure of Alan Keith loomed up strangely and weird. It was related how David's father had suddenly appeared on the scene, a foreign-looking stranger in foreign clothes, tall and gaunt like, some queer mariner who had sailed the world round and round, to come at last to the east coast to find his lad in trouble and to stand by his side perhaps in death. They were by no means without imagination these Eastern folk, and they could not get away from the unaccustomed spectacle of this picturesque and unusual old man.

The beadle was busy summoning the jury-men to sit upon the body. Sir Anthony Barkstead had listened to the account of the witnesses who would be called at the inquest, and all Yarmouth was agreed that since Barkstead struck the first blow, and that a murderous one, David Keith had only acted in self-defence and could not, therefore, be answerable for the death of his opponent. Mr. Petherick had endorsed this view; but one of the egotists of the Norfolk smoke room declared without fear of contradiction that a man who took the life of another was guilty of manslaughter, even if the other was a highwayman.

Meanwhile David Keith lay unconscious of all that was going on around him, in the neat and trim little bed-room that had been daily aired and tidied in the hope of his return. No amount of doubt, no rumor of storm and stress, no story of gales or shipwreck had influenced Sally Mumford in her preparations for the dear lad's home-coming. Her heart misgave her but she strenuously battled with her fears; while there was life there was hope, and come when he might, his room should be as ready for him as her welcome.

It was not deemed wise for more than one person at a time to be in the sick room, seeing that pure air was needful to the patient—as the doctor said. Miss Mumford, Mildred Hope and Alan Keith therefore took it in turns to watch by the patient's side and carry out the doctor's instructions.

Alan Keith, who had been at first regarded as somewhat eccentric, turned out to be a very wise, careful old man, gentle as a woman and just as wise in the art of nursing. They grew to love him devotedly, both Sally and Mildred, so even-tempered was he, so religious, so practical too, and so reconciled to the will of heaven. They could not see into the man's heart or they would have found it full of unorthodox approval of David's slaying, of the man who had betrayed his friendship. But Alan's head came to the aid of his heart and

he assumed a policy of gentleness, contending that his boy had no vengeful feeling, that he would have been satisfied with Barkstead's explanation if the young squire had vouchsafed him one, but since, instead of that, Barkstead had made a murderous assault upon him, what was he to do but defend himself? Old Petherick had given Alan this judicial hint, telling him that David's safety, if he recovered, would lie in the absence of premeditation, and happily there was no evidence of any threat, and he had no weapon upon him when he encountered Barkstead. At the same time the law was very jealous of the taking of life, and it would need all the evidence and influence that could be obtained in the lad's favor to save him after he recovered, as they all believed and hoped he would.

The inquest was adjourned from day to day, until such time as David could make his deposition, for Petherick contended that his deposition should be taken, his policy being to regard David as the aggrieved person in the case although the other was dead. Magisterial opinion was rather for looking upon David as a person resting under a grave charge, and therefore not to be interrogated, and such police authority as existed outside the borough watchman held Sally Mumford's house under surveillance.

Mildred Hope found time between the intervals of nursing to attend to her duties of charity. Wherever she went she had good words for David, and she asked many of her humblest dependents to pray for him. Mildred plodded through the snow to the Toll house jail and read to the prisoners, went to Sunday school, visited the sick, and seemed to be endowed with fresh energies and power. Whether he lived or died she had the privilege of smoothing David's pillow, and the only time since the moment when he fell into the arms of his father that he had seemed to know anyone, he had looked at her and touched her hand. She loved him, and now that he was sick and in trouble she had ventured to confess her love, not to any human being but in her prayers to God. Mildred did not regard prayer in the common-place orthodox fashion of "Ask, and ye shall receive," but as a duty; not in the way of petition so much as for strength to do what was right, and as a vow to hold by; the expression of a wish that Heaven might think well to grant. She had been accustomed for years to speak on her knees of all that she wished and desired, of all that she felt that it was worthy to feel, and never until the bond between Elms and David was broken had she confessed, even to herself, that she loved David Keith; indeed, when she had been conscious of it, she had rather regarded it as a sin, and she repressed it, for were not his word and his heart given to Elms Webb?

It is true she had listened to Sally Mumford, when David's foster-mother had declared she would like to have seen her engaged to David. She had striven, however, to discourage repetitions of Sally's opinions and desires in that direction. But now, although David might be drifting out with the tide to that last harbor, she was conscious of a mysterious joy; she dared to love him, she dared to say so in her prayers; she dared to lay bare her heart and pray that it might not be a wicked thing to do. It was Mildred who had received Sir Anthony Barkstead when he called to enquire after David's condition. Sir Anthony was pale, and he spoke low and sorrowfully; but he said to Mildred, whom he knew as the prison visitor, and with whose good work he was well acquainted, that he wished it to be understood that he did not blame David for what had happened. The law, of course, would take its course, and it was not for him to suggest what that course might be, but it was his wish, when the lad was well enough to be spoken to concerning what had happened, that he should be told how Harry Barkstead's father exonerated and forgave him.

The law did take its course. First, there was the inquest, adjourned until David Keith should be out of danger. The body having been sufficiently viewed by members of the jury, Sir Anthony took it home to Ormsby Hall, where the poor, harmless mortal thing was washed and laid out where its mother had reposed in the first days of her long sleep. And presently the stern, hard look of the misguided heir to an honored name and a fine estate, relaxed, and Sir Anthony saw in the softened features the face of his son as he had known it in its innocence, and before the funeral bell began to toll he was reconciled to the dead image of the son he had loved, and there were tears in his eyes and his heart heaved as he followed it to the grave.

"But I must do my duty to that other one," he said, sitting down by his lonely hearth when the day was over. First, as is set forth in the legal record of the case, came the inquest, its adjournment, and the burial of the body. Then came adjournment after adjournment, until David's deposition could be taken, and it was sworn with the fear of death before his eyes. Fortunately the few questions put to him were very simple, and his story was amply corroborated. While Mr. Petherick had no *locus standi* before the court except by the courtesy of the coroner, he was an important factor in formulating the evidence and drawing forth the points favorable to David. The accounts given by the looker on who saw the beginning of the altercation, the first blow struck by Barkstead and the last by Keith, were very explicit, and tended not only to reduce the crime to manslaughter, but even to suggest the possibility of a verdict of justifiable homicide, though the law at the time was far more severe than it is now.

In the end the jury, after some discussion as to the form and presentation of their verdict, gave it as manslaughter with extenuating circumstances.

The coroner therefore issued his warrant for the arrest of David Keith. In response to this, medical evidence satisfied the authorities that David was not in a fit condition to be removed from Hartley's Row.

A few weeks later the case came before the magistrates. David was well enough to plead. The case was taken in the chief magistrate's room, a limited number of the public being admitted.

The evidence given before the coroner was repeated, and the magistrates came to the conclusion that it was their duty to commit David for trial at the forthcoming assizes, but they were willing to take substantial bail for his appearance.

Sir Anthony Barkstead, to the surprise of everybody present, thereupon rose from a seat with which he had been accommodated apart from the magistrate's table, and offered himself as one of David's sureties, Mr. Waveny Petherick at the same time standing forward as another.

The sureties being in every way satisfactory, David was released to take his trial at the regular gaol delivery in March.

"Permit me to thank ye, sir, for your great kindness in this painful matter," said Alan Keith, approaching Sir Anthony as he was leaving the court.

"I conceive it to be only an act of duty," was Sir Anthony's reply.

The two fathers bowed to each other and passed on their way.

Mildred had watched the magistrate's house from afar. She dared not trust herself in the court. When she saw David come forth with Miss Mumford, his father and Mr. Petherick, and go towards Hartley's Row, with many sympathizers following, she followed too, uttering little prayers of thankfulness that David was better and a free man. She had not reckoned upon a commitment to the assizes. On her way she met Mr. Petherick going to his office. He informed her of the magisterial decision.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, answering her sudden expression of anxiety, "he is sure to get off with a very light punishment, perhaps with no punishment at all; if you have to count him among the prisoners at the Toll-house jail he will not need your visitations for long."

CHAPTER XI.

A BAD DREAM WITH A LOVELY IMAGE IN IT. February had set in with unusual suggestions of an early spring. Tufts of crocuses appeared in the flower pots that filled every one of the window sills of Miss Mumford's house in Hartley's Row.

Alan Keith had already begun to rise at an early hour, and take long walks, revolving in his mind his long-cherished idea of visiting Newfoundland and unearthing his buried treasure.

By the banks of the Waveny, and through the meadows by dike and homestead, he had already heard the wood-lark and the thrush. Along the beach the sea rolled in with a pleasant sound of promise. Fishing smacks came and went with every tide. On market days the stalls were brightened with the first flowers of the year, and the drying winds of March began to stir the dust long before February was at an end.

David was fast recovering.

It was noted by Sally Mumford with a grateful joy that he said nothing of Elms. She almost hoped that the effect of his wound might have been to wipe out David's daughter entirely out of his memory. She had heard of such things happening as the obliteration of certain occurrences in the minds of men and women who had been badly hurt in fearful accidents.

As David improved in health, Mildred Hope became shy and reserved. He never failed to ask after her whenever she stayed away from the house more than an hour or two at a time. Sally declared the lad could not get along without Mildred. Alan Keith had come to find the girl a necessity. She knew so many things, was so deft with her needle, so learned as to geography, and so generous and wise in her views of religion, theology having of late become quite a serious subject with Alan. Furthermore, her charities were remarkable considering that she was poor and had no seemingly settled organization of work.

As for David, he seemed to be awakening from a dream. He mixed up the loss of the Morning Star with the incident of the Norfolk. Old Matt White of the Welsh Back and Zacheus now and then appeared to be the same person. Elms Webb was something to pity, not to sigh for, a fairy of the mist who had mocked him to his shame, a something such as old Matt White might have seen when he beckoned and waved imaginary flags before he flung himself overboard to cool his burning face and find a lasting rest.

It was a bad dream with a lovely image in it, and a year's voice; they no longer pulled at his heart, and it might be that the tender eyes and calm, sweet face of Mildred Hope had already begun their eclipse of the bold, handsome, defiant countenance of Elms Webb.

One day when Sally Mumford had designedly left David and Mildred alone in the house, Alan, being at Gorleston discussing ships with a skipper almost as battered as himself, David asked after Zacheus Webb.

David was sitting in an old arm-chair by the fire. Mildred was embroidering a bodice for a county lady, in the interest of a poor little cripple of Caister. She was in one of her happiest moods, looking the picture of an honest, loving English maiden, small as to stature, as we know, but with soft gray eyes, rich brown hair, a mouth made rather for love than religious reclusiveness, and white teeth that made her laughter lovely.

While he talked with her, David looked mostly into the fire. Once in a way he turned to her as if to emphasize a question. Mildred answered him in a quiet, subdued voice. There was still between the two in manner more of the invalid and the nurse than belonged to the intercourse of neighbors and friends.

The old clock ticked regularly in an encouraging and soothing way, and the hot cinders dropped now and then into the firepan beneath the grate with a similar drowsy influence that helped calm conversation.

"I had almost forgotten old Zacheus. How is the poor old chap?"

"Quite well, bodily," said Mildred.

"Still waiting?" asked David, his mind, which had kept clear of the sad memory of his return to the cottage, now going back to it.

"Yes."

"For her?"

"Yes."

"Still sitting by the fire and saying she'll come home?"

"Yes."

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"Poor old Zacheus." "He rarely leaves the house." "I can see him as I saw him that day, shattered, broken, a very sorrowful old man; it was not he who told me about her." This was the first time David had mentioned Elms. "Not?" "It was that woman named Charity." This was the first harsh word he had uttered. "She seems to be very kind to the old man," said Mildred. "Yes!" "I have been there very often and have always found her attentive to his wants." "How good you are!" David answered, looking at her. "It is easy to be good when there is so much misery about," said Mildred, bending afresh over her work. "Easy for you to be good," said David, turning his face once more to the fire. "You say truly," she answered, "it is easy."

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for me to be good, but think of Mr. Webb; he is good, yet his heart is breaking."

"Keeer than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child," said David. "How true, how sad. I will go and see Zaccheus; we will both go."

"When you are well enough," said Mildred. "You have been reading Shakespeare?"

"A little. If Zaccheus only had a younger daughter to comfort him. He is childless, you see, now."

David sank back in a chair and put his hand to his head. The blow that Harry Barkstead had struck him with his loaded whip was a terribly shrewd one, cruelly aimed, viciously given. Perhaps Harry had noted the murderous light in David's face and had meant to anticipate the lad's attack; David had had a very narrow escape of his life.

"You have talked too much," said Mildred, laying down her work to hand him a jar of salts which the doctor had recommended whenever David felt faint, and at the same time she reminded him that it was time he took the tonic that had been prepared for him.

David put out his hand, not to take the jar, but to clasp his long fingers over the white, soft hand that held it.

"No, I am not faint, I am better. My memory is coming back to me in bounds; some things I am thinking of overcome me a little. Won't you sit by me, Mildred?"

"Yes, if you wish it," she answered, drawing up her chair by his side.

He took her hand in his, pressed it gently, and looked into the fire once more, not seeing how her color came and went, not feeling the quick beating of her heart.

"Dear Mildred," he said, "you were good to her; yes, I know it; you could not have loved her, I know you didn't; you were sorry for her, you tried to help her, you did it for my sake; nay, do not take your hand from me, Sally has told me."

"I never said so," Mildred answered.

"No, you never would have said it, I know that. I always knew you were good and generous, but never knew how good—how should I, a thoughtless, selfish, happy lad, without any experience of the world and its ways, how should I?"

"You were never selfish," said Mildred, "and youth is necessarily thoughtless; thought comes later with sorrow."

"What is your highest ambition, Mildred?"

"I don't think I quite know," was the reply.

"I begin to think I know mine," said David, "but what is yours, Mildred? My father was full of his yesterday, full of it, and if he does not dream and I think he does not, he is a very rich man. He loves you, Mildred, loves you, he says, as if you were his own daughter, and when I get free—if I do get free, Mildred—he wants to do something for your people, something to help you to fulfill your highest hopes; he wants, he says, to be providence to your prayers, to answer them with a full hand, so that you may give with a lavish one."

"How he loves you!" said Mildred, "to think so much of your friend's ambition. But you said if you obtain your freedom? What do you mean?"

"Ah, my dear friend, you forget that I have yet to stand in the dock at the assizes," said David, "and it does not need a Shakespeare to tell us of the uncertainties of the law, the scripture teaches us that. Who knows, perhaps you may extend your prison ministrations to me!"

"Oh, David, you make my heart ache," said Mildred, suddenly withdrawing her hand to cover her face, "they can never send you to such a place as that!"

"Mildred," he answered, turning towards her and bending his head over her, "it would be heaven enough for me if you were there!"

(To be continued.)

Miriam's Mistake.

"You have my decision, sir,"

Miriam Gray spoke in a sharp, quick tone, her dark eyes flashing, her queenly head set to one side, her gestures nervous yet graceful.

A pallor swept across Brice Ventnor's face, and he lifted his hand to his mouth to hide the twitching of the muscles. There was nothing ambiguous about her reply; it was an unmistakable rejection; it was useless either to plead or argue. He was at a loss to account for her repressed agitation. He watched her through the mellow twilight and became more conscious than ever of her exceeding loveliness and the hard blow which she had dealt him.

He had been paying her attention for some time, and was sure that she loved him. That was why his bewilderment was so great and his disappointment so keen. Knowing that his character was beyond reproach, and that he had in nowise offended her, he felt justified in demanding the reason for her strange conduct. He knew her too well to fancy for a moment that she was trifling with him. She was neither variable in her moods nor fickle in her friendships.

The bathers on the beach had clasped hands to breast an in-rolling wave; the band was playing on the breezy porches of the hotel; grand equipages whirled over the glittering sands; a ship in full sail was visible in the channel; the sun was sinking into the water line of the horizon.

"Miriam," Brice Ventnor said, his voice husky, his manner agitated, "I have the right to ask your reason for this rejection."

He was looking at her with so much directness that she did not care to have her eyes meet his.

"No, you have not," she replied, the color coming and going in her face. "Still, I'll tell you. I am prompted by revenge."

"By revenge!" repeated he in a dazed tone. "Yes," was her measured reply. "I want you to suffer."

"And you enjoy it!" he said bitterly. "Then you know how much I love you, it seems! I always knew you did not question that."

They had been seated on a bench outside a small pavilion, but were now standing. She was suffering more than she would have cared to have him know and was impatient to get away.

"Pray, in what way have I wronged you?" he asked. "Not in thought, word or act. I consider myself the soul of honor."

"Oh, you do!" and she laughed mockingly. "Instead you are a man without principle."

He groaned aloud in his powerful effort to repress his angry indignation.

"I am not avenging myself, but another," she said, speaking with rapidity. "Did you ever know Blanche Carroll? Oh, it is not necessary for me to remind you of your baseness."

She turned abruptly from him and walked rapidly toward the hotel. He watched her until she had disappeared in the gloom of the gathering twilight, one hand pressed against his forehead, a hurt, baffled, mystified expression in his face. He strided up the beach, then along a wild ledge of rocks, as if to find solace in the loneliness of the hour.

When Miriam Gray reached her room at the hotel, reaction set in, and her great grief showed how devotedly she loved the man whom she had insulted. She flung herself upon the bed and cried as if her heart was broken.

"Oh, Blanche!" she exclaimed aloud between her hysterical sobs. "You are avenged, but you will never know what it has cost me. Oh, why was I to love him so passionately before I heard about his perfidy?"

Early though it was she retired to bed, but it was almost dawn before she fell asleep, so intense was her suffering.

Three years later again found Miriam Gray at the sea-shore. She had not met Brice Ventnor during that interval, nor had she heard from him.

She was as handsome as ever and more royal in her manners, but her face and conversation lacked brilliancy. She was more quiet and reserved, more chary in her friendships, ready to suspect and heartily tired of the hollowness of fashionable life.

Her love affair with Brice Ventnor had caused the change. In punishing him for his perfidy to her cousin Blanche she had sacrificed herself. She could never love another man as she had loved him.

As she was one day walking on the beach with her cousin Blanche, they suddenly came upon Brice Ventnor. He was alone and stood still for a minute, the meeting was so unexpected to him. The board walk was narrow and high just there and the ladies could not get away.

He lifted his hat, looked mournfully and reproachfully at Miriam, as if half-incited to speak, then sprang from the walk and strode towards the nearest pavilion.

Miriam recognized him and was touched at the look he had bestowed upon her.

"Who was that superb-looking gentleman?" asked her cousin Blanche. "Did he bow to you or to me?"

Receiving no reply, she looked up into her companion's face.

"Why, Miriam, how pale you are!" she exclaimed, "and how agitated."

"Blanche, do you mean to say that you do not know this man?" Miriam asked, her voice a mere whisper.

"I never saw him until today," was her cousin's reply.

"Oh!" cried Miriam, catching her breath, one hand unconsciously clenched. "Is he not the man who trifled with you?"

"Brice Ventnor?" exclaimed Blanche. "Why, no, child."

The blood receded from Miriam's lips and a low moan escaped from them. She grew so weak for a little while that she was forced to lean heavily upon Blanche, who conducted her to one of the rustic benches. She fanned her, rubbed her hands and spoke to her in soothing tones. When her cousin had sufficiently recovered, she asked:

"Miriam, what is this mystery?"

"Oh, I am so afraid that I have wronged that—man—and myself. I was so cruel to him, for I supposed that I was avenging you. His name is Brice Ventnor."

"Eh!" exclaimed Blanche, who was beginning to comprehend. "He is not the Brice Ventnor that I knew, and her voice shook with emotion. "Can it be that there are two gentlemen of the same name? I remember hearing him say he had some cousins. Oh, I am so sorry and so—glad."

Miriam Gray looked at her friend in a sort of stupor.

"Sorry, dear, because of what you have suffered, and glad because everything will yet come out all right."

Miriam mournfully shook her head.

"He will never forgive me," she said. "He is proud and sensitive. My words cut deep; all the more so because so undeserved. I gave him no explanation—no chance to defend himself."

"You can explain now," suggested Blanche. "No," replied Miriam, in a strained tone, a proud look coming to her face.

She wrung her hands and moaned, and nothing that Blanche could say carried consolation with it. Her love had been but dormant; it re-asserted itself. Brice Ventnor had been blameless. She had deeply wronged him. She was paying the penalty for her hate.

"I would tell him all," advised Blanche.

"He may spurn me," cried Miriam through her sobs. "He may be as cruel and unreasoning as I was, and with more of an excuse. It happened three years ago; he may love someone else now; nay, he may be married to another. There is nothing for me to do but remain silent and—endure."

Her grief was so great that Blanche ceased her efforts to pacify her.

The orchestra was playing a quadrille; the dancers were gliding gracefully to and fro; lights flashed, diamonds sparkled, fans glittered, eyes beamed. Miriam Gray sat on the veranda by an open window, looking in at the dancers, her face and form plainly visible. A gentleman stepped from among the shadows on the porch; he stopped beside Miriam.

"Miriam," he simply said, though his voice trembled.

Ah! She knew who had spoken. No one else could have pronounced her name with such sweet tenderness. The blood filled her face, then left it deathly pale.

She lifted her eyes swiftly to his, a fond, glad, appealing look in them.

"Your cousin has told me all," he said, his handsome eyes aglow. "She felt it to be her duty. You did it for her sake. Your pride stood in your way. The mistake arose from a

confusion in names. A cousin of mine was the perfidious fellow, while I am the honest, true-hearted man I claimed to be."

Oh! It was so precious to her to know that he had forgiven her and was willing to receive her in favor again. She grew so excited that her fan shook in her hands.

"The moon is rising," he said, as he offered her his arm.

She did not want to attract attention to herself; she appreciated his purpose. She gave him a grateful glance; she arose, took his arm and they strolled down the beach.

"Miriam," he said, looking down upon her from his superb height, his eyes shining through the gloaming, "three years ago you rejected me. What would you answer now?"

He felt that she was trembling.

"Oh, how I wronged you!" she cried. "Have you forgiven me?"

"Yes, darling."

"Oh! Mr. Ventnor," she exclaimed. "I did not deserve it! I loved you very much then—I love you more now. I cannot make a wreck of my happiness. You dear, kind, forgiving, great-hearted man! I accept you gladly, proudly, just as—"

"Emphatically as you rejected me," completed he, his face shining. "I am thoroughly satisfied."

He stooped and kissed her, and no reconciliation could have been more complete.—*Sunday Mercury.*

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

NINA YARR, and LETHA.—Only one coupon was enclosed.

MARGARET.—I answered your letter in its proper turn. As to the query in your second letter, you probably found its answer in another column. I know it was there.

JUNE.—You are warm in affections, cordial and frank in manner, rather tenacious in opinion and of a neat and orderly method, not much given to display, very sensible but capable of idealism, and fond of human nature.

DIXIE.—This is a clever, capable, generous and independent girl, a little wedded to traditions, somewhat vivacious, with a good heart and reliable nature, imaginative, impulsive and capable of self-sacrifice. A very live and lovable person.

SWIFT BIRD.—This study looks rather formal, but is frank and honest, though lacking finish in detail. The writer is discreet, though sociable, amiable, with good taste and some ability, patience, perseverance and a good and reliable purpose.

J. CLECK.—This is a rather positive and determined person, inarticulate and rather abrupt, careless of the impression produced and rather wanting in tact and sympathetic feeling. At the same time the character is worthy of admiration as original, clever and forcible.

M. J. M.—You are impulsive, adaptable, very quick in perception, rather fond of yourself, idealistic and somewhat apt to conceal your real feelings; you are erratic in judgment, fluctuating but exciting, with marked courage and love of overcoming difficulties. You were born to soar.

FURIE.—Your writing shows self-reliance, a very practical, constant and matter-of-fact disposition; care for appearance but a judgment slightly uncertain, refinement, good sense and discretion are yours. The lighter traits were probably tact, taste, buoyancy, love of fun and a hopeful disposition, sympathetic and merry.

LEIGH.—1. I delineated a female Dixie a short time ago. Please don't get them confused. This one belongs to St. Kitt's. 2. Writing shows energy and plenty of enterprise, rather a light and inconstant will, excellent temper, very warm affections, no originality is visible, but on the whole a pleasing character with good business abilities.

GRACIAN.—Your study contained the right material. You are not a great talker, rather thoughtful, fond of pretty things, not given to change, canful over details and very honest and truthful; can be a warm friend and not a very bitter enemy; some refinement and very gentle will—perhaps a little too open to influence—are shown.

BENJAMIN STONE.—You are a little affected, very kind, faulty in judgment, self-assertive and imaginative, rather apt to idealize, fond of your friends, very honest and hearty, but lack delicacy of perception and refinement. At the same time you are a popular and influential person, and your heart is right. Your will and constancy are strong.

ETHEL.—The clever children more often owe their brightness to their mothers. I should say from your writing that you are rather well fitted to make your way in the world. There are tenacity, patience, good judgment, adaptability, desire for praise, some imagination and a general lack of "business" about it; but it is neither marked by extreme decision nor self-reliance. Cultivate these traits.

CARMER.—You are clever, very full of fun, vivacious, with much determination underlying a careless manner. You sometimes idealize very prosaic men and women, and you are happier for doing so. You love ease and comfort, have a winning manner when you like, with possibilities of the reverse; are in want of repose and self-control to perfect a very charming character; affection, energy and love of society are yours.

ZETTA.—I would not be too ready to impute a wrong motive though you are very right to be cautious. Your friend may be one of those good-hearted blunders who make rash moves with the best intentions, and again, he may be a sly-boots who wants to control your affairs for his own purposes. I can easily fancy either sort of person doing as you relate. I think I would not accept either the circumstance, but don't be too ready to take chances. If I can at all find time I will answer you by post, but I am very busy.

BARBARA.—Though your envelope is marked "immediate" I am sorry to say it has just had to wait its turn. The trail you mention merely denotes facility, and is by no means a drawback. Your writing is by no means lacking in interest. It shows honest and sincere purpose, rather an undue desire to create a good impression, some gentleness of temper, good perseverance, rather a quiet manner and a well controlled and matter-of-fact disposition. A little more repose would do you no harm, as your discretion and instinct of self-preservation are quite marked.

ROBERT ROBIN.—I achieved quite a little charity with your stamps, enclosing them on addressed envelopes to a poor person in your city who was not able to pay postage on letters to her relatives. Hope you don't object to the use I made of them. It is quite impossible to send a dollar by mail. If I sent to each who asks me any other word it would be quite neglected. 2. You are generous and not in the least selfish. Your writing shows nobility of heart and a large and liberal nature, perseverance, taste for affairs and good business abilities. I much admire you, my child!

MIRIAM.—I think you must have found your question answered before this in another column. A letter is preferable to a monogram for a young girl's paper. Even her name could be engraved as Maude or Nellie across one upper corner, though this is not quite so dignified. Any pale tint of notepaper is nice, but don't have your hilly-top-scented with white roses, or your pink with musk or staphenias. Try and have the scent suggest the same flower as the tint. 2. Your judgment is so good that I must compliment you on it. Temper is fair; will, firm, though not strikingly decided; affection is strong and mental power; intellect. You are discreet in speech, rather vivacious in manner, fond of fun and a most attractive creature generally. What you want you will secure, if sticking to your point will gain it.

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Jack—Minnie Millyuns refused me last night. Lucy—Don't be despondent, Jack. There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

Jack—Yes, but gold-fish don't bite every day.

For Sick Headache

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Dr. M. W. Gray, Cave Spring, Ga., says: "I have used it with perfect success in habitual sick headache."

Can't Afford the Chariot.

Rowne de Bout—I am told that Carrie Hysee earns eight hundred dollars a week for singing in comic opera.

Emerson Downes—Would that I could follow Emerson's advice and hitch my chariot to a star!

A Puny and Fretful Baby.

This is now quite unnecessary! Lillie many others, you may have your baby fat, laughing and happy if you give it Scott's Emulsion. Babies take it like cream.

A Business Scheme.

"In Casey's saloon you get a Columbian stamp with a glass of beer."

"What's the idea of that?"

"Well, after you've licked the stamp you are so dry you need two more glasses."

New Facts About the Dakotas

is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Sent to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

The Blindness of Love.

I almost worship her, I know, And if it sounds like treason I can't tell why I love her so, And that's the very reason.

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway have now on sale round trip tickets at very low rates to southern points, including Old Mexico and California. The only line that can take tourists via Detroit through St. Louis and Kansas City and return them via Chicago and vice versa. Finest equipped trains on earth, passing through six states of the Union. Spend a winter in Mexico, the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs; finest climate and scenery in the world and older than Egypt. Time tables and all information about side trip at new ticket office, north-east corner King and Yonge streets. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto.

A Business Man.

Customer—May I try these trousers on?
Isaac—As you please, sir.
Customer (after)—They don't fit at all.
Isaac—Well, I take 'em back at fifty per cent.
Customer—What! I didn't buy them.
Isaac—But you haf worn 'em. I cannot let beeps wear my clothes for noddings. Fife tollars, please.

"It Has Been Worth Hundreds of Dollars to Me!"

18 Years of Agony from Neuralgia!

PHYSICIANS AND THEIR MEDICINES COULD NOT CURE.

Paine's Celery Compound is Victorious!



MRS. GEO. H. PARKER.

Mrs. George H. Parker, of Winona, Ont., suffered agonizing pains for eighteen years. She candidly admits the fact that she had used numerous medicines without receiving any benefit. Physicians failed in their efforts; and persuaded to try Paine's Celery Compound. Every sufferer is earnestly requested to read Mrs. Parker's letter, and note the results after Nature's great healer was used.

"I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for nearly eighteen years; these sufferings at times were so bad that words would fail to describe them. After having tried every known remedy, and different physicians, and receiving no help I was persuaded to try your Paine's Celery Compound, which I have been using for the past four months. I am happy to say that I am now a different woman and completely cured. I can recommend your Paine's Celery Compound to all my friends, for it has been worth hundreds of dollars to me. Believe me, Yours respectfully,

MRS. GEO. H. PARKER.

This is to certify that Mrs. Parker of Winona, has, during the past four months purchased one dozen bottles of Paine's Celery Compound, and claims that it has been worth hundreds of dollars to her.

G. W. SPACKMAN & CO.,
Druggists, Hamilton, Ont.



CURE SICK HEAD

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ACHE they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

If you want a durable and good-fitting corset try



Sold by all first class dry goods houses.

LADIES! If you desire CLEAR, FRESH complexion, free from blotch, blemish, roughness, coarseness, redness, freckles, or pimples, use **VIENNA TOILET CREAM**, the finest preparation for the skin, perfectly harmless, and delightfully perfumed. Very useful for gentlemen after shaving. Price 25c. Vienna Pharmacy Co., All Druggists.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

RIPIAN'S TABLETS regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, and purify the blood; are safe and effective—the best medicine known for indigestion, biliousness, headache, constipation, dyspepsia, chronic liver troubles, dysentery, bad complexion, skin eruptions, nervousness and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. One tablet gives immediate relief. Take one at meal time. Sold by Druggists. A trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE
ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI FRUTTI
FOR INDIGESTION.
SEE THAT TUTTI FRUTTI IS ON EACH 5¢ PACKAGE.

Incontestable Evidence.
His Lordship—I fancy, now, don'tcherknow, that the De Feyster Oldingtons are one of your best American families!

McAllister Snobson—Ah! Ya as. They spend the summer in England and the winter in the Riviera; one of the girls has married a count with sixteen quarterings; another has run off with the family coachman, and two of the sons have fought duels over other men's wives.

Discordant liver set right with BENJAMIN'S PILLS.

Over-Indulgence.
Passenger—In your husband in pain?
Mrs. Lachstein—He von! Ven he find owd der ise-vater van free he trink two glasses effer times der poy gom's py.

Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Four.

holy bonds of matrimony his second son, Mr. Frederick Carmichael of the Bank of Montreal to Miss Eva Jessie Macrae, youngest daughter of the late Alexander S. Macrae, formerly of England. Of course brides always look lovely, but this bride looked the very impersonation of dainty sweetness. She wore an exquisite gown of soft white India silk, richly trimmed with ancient Honiton lace, Brussels net veil with myrtle and orange blossoms, and carried in her hand a magnificent bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair fern. The bride was attended by Miss May Francis, who wore white silk and carried pink roses, and her nieces, Miss Lansing Macrae of Niagara and Miss Muriel L. Smellie, who wore pretty gowns of pink silk and cashmere with large hats of cream crepon and carried baskets of roses and carnations. The wedding was a very quiet one, only the family and a few very intimate friends being invited guests. Nevertheless quite a number of well-wishers assembled in the church to see the happy pair united. The ceremony was most impressively conducted, and Mr. Doward played the Wedding March in his accustomed perfect manner. After the service was over, Mrs. Macrae, mother of the bride, entertained her guests at 67 Henry street to a most recherche breakfast, and the beautiful display of presents was greatly admired. The young couple left by the one o'clock train for Buffalo and New York. They sail on Saturday in the Alaska for a three months' tour in England, Scotland and Ireland. The guests were: The Very Rev. Dean of Montreal and Mrs. Carmichael and their sons, Dr. and Mr. Somers Carmichael, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scarth Smellie, Master Rex, and Miss Brenda Smellie, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert H. Macrae, Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Macrae, Mr. and Mrs. G. Ernest Macrae, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Campbell, Mr. Gerald Wade, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wade, Rev. and Mrs. H. G. Baldwin, Miss Evelyn Durand, and Rev. Mr. Hennison. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Norman Macrae.

Mr. W. E. Sampson is able to be up again after his serious illness of almost two months.

Mr. Frank C. Wells of the New York Times, and formerly of the editorial staff of the Toronto Globe, was married at Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 20, to Miss Florence E. B. Compston of Leeds, England. Mr. Wells is a son of Prof. James E. Wells, M.A., of this city.

Mr. Pellatt gave a delightful impromptu progressive euchre party on Thursday evening.

A. F. Webster, general steamship agent, corner King and Yonge streets, booked the following passengers to sail this week for Europe. Jno. Ross, W. S. Williamson, Edwin Hill, Thos. Swan, Jno. Mark, Jno. Macdonald, Thos. Barton, Wm. Craghe, Mrs. G. Cook, J. S. Boyd, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Barnett, Miss Ravine, J. R. Sutherland, Miss Scott, W. Lee, Wm. Stedman, Dr. Graham and Dr. Hamilton.

Hamilton.

Another very fashionable wedding took place at Christ Church Cathedral last Saturday, the contracting parties being Miss Helen Isabel Faulkner Ridley, third daughter of Dr. Ridley, to Lieut. Robert Hodgkiss Labatt of the Thirteenth Battalion, a very popular young gentleman. Many invitations were sent out and the front seats were held for the relations of both parties. All the ladies wore the latest spring costumes and the effect was very grand. To prevent the church being over-crowded, tickets had been issued to outside friends and the usual crowd had to observe from the street. The ushers were: Dr. Osborne, E. Herbert Ambrose, Mr. Robert Baldwin of Toronto, Mr. Miles Hamilton, Mr. Kilgour, Mr. George Gillespie and Mr. Allan Scatcherd of London. The bride was escorted up the aisle by her father, who gave her away. The bridegroom, with his best man, Lieut. W. W. Osborne, awaited in the chancel. The bride was attired in a gown of white corded silk, trimmed with Irish lace, tulle veil, orange blossoms and lilies-of-the-valley, and carried a bouquet of orchids. The bridesmaids were Miss Ridley, Miss Minnie and Miss Sophie Ridley, Miss Baldwin of Toronto, Miss Labatt (cousins of the bride), Miss Hamilton and Miss Violet Smith of Toronto. They wore Japanese silk, four being trimmed with pink and hats with blue velvet, all wearing large black hats with trimmings to suit their costumes. Rev. Arthur Baldwin of Toronto, uncle of the bride, performed the ceremony, assisted by Bishop Hamilton. Lieut. and Mrs. Labatt left by the 5.30 train for Atlantic City, where they will remain a short time. Among the guests present were: Dr. and Mrs. Malloch, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Walker, Mr. and Miss Alex. Bruce, Mrs. McLaren, the Misses Harvard, Dr. and Mrs. Mullen, Capt. Henry and Mrs. McLaren, Hon. J. M. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Strath, Col. Stanley of London, Dr. and Mrs. Brown of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Bunburg, Napier Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Mackelcan, Dr. Baemer of London, Mrs. and Miss Labatt of Toronto, Mrs. Ferrie, Miss Simons, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Lottridge, Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. K. Martin, Mrs. McInnes, Mr. and Mrs. L. Leggat, Mrs. Wylie, Ridley Wylie, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. F. Farmer and many others.

Kingston.

On Wednesday evening of last week a reception was given at the residence of Mrs. Whitebread, Rideau street, to Messrs. E. Miller and J. Laird, who will shortly leave for British Columbia. A pleasant time was spent by those present.

Miss Creggan has arrived home after a prolonged visit to Montreal, Ottawa and other cities.

There was a successful rehearsal of Pinaflore in the opera house on Tuesday evening of last week. The special scenery painted for the production of the opera was in position. A full practice of the orchestra and chorus combined was held in the opera house on Thursday last. On Monday night last the residence of Mr. R. T. Walker, Barrie street, president of the

Limestone Hockey Team, was the scene of a farewell to Van Leale, a member of the team, who is about to leave for Fort William as clerk in the bank of Montreal. Dancing to the music of an orchestra was thoroughly enjoyed by the many friends of the hockeyists, and the handsome junior championship cup carried off last season by the Limestones was filled and passed around with the refreshments. The party broke up at an early hour and everybody went away charmed with the hospitality of the host and hostess.

Galt.

A very pleasant evening party, with cards and dancing, was given on Monday evening by Mrs. Howell. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Howell, Mrs. James Warlock, the Misses Blain, the Misses Spiers, the Misses Goldie, Miss Lennard, Miss Bailey, Miss Perry, Miss Walker, and Dr. Woods, Dr. Hawk, Mr. Bisset Thom, Mr. Wurtele, Mr. G. A. Woods, Mr. D. Spiers, Mr. Card, Mr. Kirkpatrick, and Mr. Wisler.

To the Land of the Kangaroo.

If further proof is required that the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY has the interest of its patrons as well as the progress of Canada at heart, it will be found in the fact that they have inaugurated a new Steamship service between Vancouver, B. C., and Sydney, New South Wales, with arrangements for stop-over at the intermediate points of Honolulu, San Francisco, Brisbane, Queensland. The passage will take twenty-one days each way in the steamships Miowera and Warrimoo, which are of 5000 tons burden, and steam at an average of fifteen knots an hour, with a capacity of 125 cabin passengers each. The Miowera is booked to leave Vancouver, June 14.

As a guarantee that the voyage will be made as comfortable and attractive as possible, it is only necessary to look at their other efforts in the providing of steamship accommodation both on the Pacific Ocean and the Great Lakes, which stand out foremost in the world. Any agent of the Company is able to give full particulars.

Our Diamond Box . . .

is only about three inches wide and six inches long, but its contents would purchase several rows of very desirable houses on some very desirable streets in this city—not merely the equities in them, but buy them out and out—a practical illustration of the hackneyed "good things in small parcels."

If you are interested in diamonds we would like to show you through our stock—the largest and best of both mounted and loose gems in Canada.

Ryrie Bros.

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

We select our stock personally from the cutters in Amsterdam.



PROF. ALEXANDER

West Association Hall

Cor. Queen and Dovercourt Road

FRIDAY NIGHT—"Happy Homes." SATURDAY NIGHT—"How to Read Character." Sunday collection.

MONDAY NIGHT—"Love, Courtship, Marriage and Jealousy." Admission, 15c. and 25c.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE TORONTO ATHLETIC CLUB, Ltd.

Will be held at Mr. HARRY WEBB'S BALL ROOM, 66 and 68 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont., on Monday, 15th May, 1893, at 8 o'clock p.m. to receive and consider the report of the Directors and to elect Directors for ensuing year, and the transaction of other business. O. GREVILLE HARTSON, Sec.-Treas.

MONSARRAT HOUSE

214 Adelaide Ave., Toronto.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

MISS VENNOR, Principal

(Late Teacher of House, London, Eng.)

A thorough course of instruction will be given in English, Mathematics and Modern Languages. Pupils prepared for University examinations. Classes in Swedish Carving will also be held twice a week. For terms and prospectus apply to Principal.

Ontario Society of Artists.

AUCTION SALE.

21st ANNUAL EXHIBITION Now Open.

At the close of the exhibition the patronage of the society will be given an opportunity to obtain the latest and best works of the artists at their own prices.

On EVENING OF MAY 10th the collection will be sold by auction in the Gallery of the Society, KING STREET WEST.

These sales being customary with other Art Societies in the great art centers of the world.

O. M. HENDERSON & CO., Auctioneers.

Society and Fashion Papers

JOHN P. McKENNA'S

80 Yonge St., near corner King.

HARPER'S BAZAR,

THE LADY, English.

L'ART DE LA MODE.

THE GENTLEWOMAN, English.

LE BON TON.

TOILETTES.

THE QUEEN.

THE SEASON.

LE MODE DE PARIS.

MODERN SOCIETY.

AT

80 YONGE STREET

NEAR COR. KING

Publisher, Bookseller, and Newsdealer. Telephone 1717.

Maccabee Dramas

Will be SPECIAL REQUEST be repeated on

Saturday Afternoon and

Evening of May 6

Under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, W. R. Meredith, M.P.P., G. S. Ryerson, M.P.P., E. F. Clarke, M.P.P.

100 People on the Stage

60 Persons in the Chorus

NEW COSTUMES, Etc.

Matinee prices, 25 and 50c. Evening prices, 25, 50 and 75c.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 36.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. and a bonus of one per cent. upon the capital stock has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after THURSDAY, the 1st day of June Next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on Wednesday, the 1st day of June next. The chair will be taken at noon.

By order of the Board. D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.

Toronto, 27th April, 1893.

Change of Name

On the 1st of May we assumed our new name, namely:

The STANDARD FUEL CO., Ltd.

No change is made in the personnel of our management, but owing to the enormous increase in our trade it has been deemed advisable to take a name unidentified with any private individual. We sincerely and cordially thank the public for the generous patronage extended to us for many years past, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same in the future.

Under our new name and with our greatly improved and improving facilities we hope to still further increase our already large business. In buying your fuel you will find it in your interest to place your order with us. A trial order is solicited. Remember the name—

The STANDARD FUEL CO., Ltd.

Formerly THE C. J. SMITH CO., Ltd.

General Offices, 58 King St. East

Phones 1836 and 863

KORL MARSHALL, Vice-President and Manager.

Christy Knives

BREAD-CAKE-PARING.

One Dollar per Set. Free by Mail.

Christy Knife Company,

30 Wellington St. E., TORONTO.

AGENTS WANTED.

R. WOLFE

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF

Ladies' Tailor-Made Mantles & Costumes

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

117 Yonge Street TELEPHONE 1509



We lead; others follow. We carry the most fashionable line of Mantles and Costumes to be had in the Dominion. We guarantee a perfect fit to any mantle we sell. It will pay you to call and see us before buying elsewhere. Extra sizes made to order—no extra charge. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Moderate prices. Tel. 1509.

WALLACE'S

110 Yonge Street

Ladies' Tan Blouses (hand sewed) and Oxford in all the modern designs, also a full assortment of Blouses. In Gent's Boots and Shoes have the newest styles in Tan, Bals, Blucher, Congress and Oxford.

See the assortment in window. Note the address—

W. L. WALLACE, 110 Yonge St.

4 Doors south of Adelaide, West Side.



FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.

TEABERRY

ZEPHRA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

TRADE MARK

KENT BROS.

JEWELLERS

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For the Ball Room . . .

For this and all other state occasions occurring in the evening a full dress suit is indispensable. To the casual observer there are few perceptible variations in the conventional evening dress of the period, but to the man of taste and style the gradations of change from year to year are plainly discernible. For the past two or three seasons, it may be noted, a radical change has been made in the style and material used in the making up of dress suits.

Broadcloth and doe skin have absolutely disappeared, and the rich, hard woven diagonals have given place to the rough finished Cheviot and Venetian finished worsteds that have been the universal rage in London and New York.

The present mode of the make up requires that the lapels of the coat should be faced with heavy black gros grain silk, but tailors who consider fine points of fit line the body of the coat with satin *de chine*, as the satin fits closer and firmer and the coat slips on easier.

Such are the styles as furnished by

Henry A. Taylor

No. 1 Rossin House Block

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

General Steamship and Tourist Agency.

Different Canadian and New York Trans-Atlantic Lines, Local, European and Foreign travel. Personally conducted on independent tours as passengers may elect.

72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

CHAS. E. BURNS

STEAMSHIP AND TOURIST AGENCY

FOR

England, Ireland, Scotland, the Continent and all parts of the World.

LOWEST RATES to West Indies, Florida, Georgia and all Southern States.

April, May, June and July Tours in Europe.

Best hotel accommodation World's Fair, and all places in U. S. and Canada.

For all information, call or address

CHAS. E. BURNS, 77 Yonge St., TORONTO

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RED STAR LINE

Belgian Royal and U. S. Mail Steamers

New York to Antwerp and Paris Wednesdays and Saturdays. Highest-class steamers with palatial equipment.

Excursion tickets valid to return by Red Star Line from Antwerp, or American Line from London, Southampton or Havre. Ask for "Facts for Travellers."

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent

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May Weddings . . .

WEDDING INVITATIONS

VISITING CARDS

&c., &c.

Printed and Engraved in the Latest Styles

JAS. BAIN & SON

FINE STATIONERS

53 King East, Toronto

DIAMONDS

See our Handsome Solitaire Diamond Rings

at \$7.50 and \$10.00

Reduced Prices. Bargains in Every Line

Kent Bros. Clearing Sale

168 Yonge Street, Toronto

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS

WEEK OF MOORE'S MUSEE THEATER WEEK OF MAY 8th

TORONTO'S OWN PADEREWSKI

MR. AND MRS. BILLY CARKEEK

Make their professional debut at the Musee next week. They will be in company with the Strongest Artists that has ever appeared at the Musee.

Direct from the Renowned Vaudeville Theaters of London, Eng.

= Stebb & Trepp = The Quaintest Novelty of the Season

THE METAMORPHOSIC COMEDIANS, OR DR. JEKYLL AND MRS. HYDE

Whale Oil Gus

And Little Monday, too.

The STIRES

Sailor Whittlers.

They will give to every lady visiting the Musee on Friday afternoon next a HANDSOME specimen of their beautiful work.

Baby Monkey

10c.

ADMITS TO ALL

Reserved Seats 5 and 10 Cents

10c.



Miss Zarah Ceballo
Balancing Trapeze Artist.
Seven seasons with Barnum's show.

McNULTY SISTERS
ARTISTIC SONG and DANCE
and PEDESTAL CLOG.

Arvida Svensson
Swedish Character Vocalist and Warbler.

Varsity Chat.

PROFESSOR ASHLEY, now of Harvard, but who lately occupied the chair of Political Science here, is said to have been offered a similar position at Chicago University, with an annual stipend of seven thousand dollars.

Quite a pleasant social evening was spent last week at the residence of Mr. D. R. Keys, M. A., by a number of the students and others. Such little gatherings are always eagerly welcomed, and many a graduate will testify that similar events are among the most pleasant recollections of his undergraduate days.

Dr. J. H. McCassey has been appointed for a term of three years chief medical superintendent of the asylums for the insane in the State of Kansas, at a salary of \$3,500 per annum. Dr. McCassey is a graduate of the medical faculty of the University of Toronto and a member of the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons. He received his early education in Owen Sound.

Immediately after the examinations the Lacrosse team will cross the border. Already a large number of games have been arranged for, the principal of which are with the Cornell University Club and the New York Athletic Club. Before commencing the tour a match will be played with the Toronto Lacrosse Club.

The Association Football Club have commenced practice for their May matches. Nearly all the stars of last year are hard at work, including Thompson, Goldie, Duncan and Buckingham. It has been arranged that the Pullman team of Chicago is to be met at Berlin on the Queen's Birthday, and on May 30, Decoration Day, a return match will be played in Chicago. Almost the same team as last year visited Chicago to play the Thistle Club will this year battle for Varsity against the Pullmanites.

The personnel of the baseball team is the main topic amongst those interested in this sport. Considerable disappointment is felt at the loss of Messrs. Coty and Fitzgerald, who will this year play with the St. Michael's College nine. Even with these players absent the team of this year will be the strongest aggregation ever placed in the field by Varsity. These will probably represent the club: A. N. Garrett (captain), first base; Dr. Andrus, second base; Wardell, third base and change catcher; Murphy or Wilson, short stop; Hamilton and Samson, pitchers. The outfield will be composed of Moore, McIntosh, and another. The tour will be opened by two games with London on the 24th of May, after which Peterboro', Ottawa, Kingston and other eastern cities will be visited before the scheduled games in the States are played. The team will probably make an excellent showing in the competition at the World's Fair.

ADAM RUFUS.

Art and Artists.

THE editor of the art department is always glad to receive items of news interesting to the readers of this column.

At the sale of Mr. Forbes' paintings on Wednesday last a large sum was realized, and Mr. Forbes has reason to be pleased with his success. This will be *adieu* to this talented artist and his charming wife, who are leaving for the States. We hope that a few months' residence there will satisfy our esteemed friend and that he will return to town again, as we do not care to lose such a good citizen and clever artist just at a time when Toronto is forging ahead and becoming an art center.

The *Art Student*, a new monthly published by Ernest Knauff at New York, is received and is a creditable publication.

By reference to an advertising column it will be observed that the Galbraith Academy has secured the services of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A., the famous water color artist, as one of the professors.

Mr. Forster has just completed a good effective portrait of Mrs. Atkins, wife of the Hon. J. C. Atkins.

It appears that the portrait of the old woman, No. 150, referred to in last week's report of the O. S. A. exhibition, was painted by Miss Carlyle and not Miss Houghton. It was a mistake in the catalogue.

In our last issue we gave a cut of Mr. Forster's painting, *The Convalescent*, but held over further reference to it until this week. The subject is well thought out and very pleasing. The young child lying in his little cot, recovering from a long illness, is visited by one of his young playmates, who presents him with a toy horse with which he is immensely pleased. The subject is handled with great delicacy, and the expressions on the faces of the little invalid, the nurse and the cheery little visitor tell the story. The light is daintily placed and not exaggerated. We do not like the curtains nor the white cap on the visiting child, as there seems to be plenty of white in the picture, but these are defects which can be easily remedied.

F. E. G.

The *Cleveland Herald* has this about a Toronto artist: "A small but fine collection of water color paintings is now on exhibition at the galleries of the J. F. Hyder Company. The artist is G. Bruneau, whose work is known and admired in Cleveland. The pictures are well worth inspection. Many of them are striking—particularly those depicting scenes in Norway and several Canadian autumn landscapes. The highest priced picture is an English country scene, *After the Rain*, though there are several smaller ones which are equally beautiful, notably those showing a Welsh moor, a headland of the Lofoten Islands, and a morning scene on Georgian Bay."

The early, unexpected and lamented death of Miss Elsie Elise Simms has removed from the midst of the Canadian colony of Chicago one of its best known, most esteemed and dis-

Triumph of Love



She—Father's salary has been doubled.
He—Good! We can afford to get married now.—Life

tinguished members. Her untimely summons, with its unusually sad surroundings, came on Thursday, April 13, after more than three weeks of intense suffering from brain fever and bronchitis complicating an attack of la grippe. She was so gifted with rare genius and with unusual artistic ability, enhanced by long practice and experience, which placed her in the first rank in her profession, that it seems deplorable she could not have been spared to fulfil the mission she believed to be hers and to have lived at least half the time allotted to a human life. Competent critics say that if her life and energy had been spent and applied where art is best appreciated and under circumstances and conditions favorable to the possible development of her creative and executive abilities, she would have found a name and place amongst the famous. She was a pretty, petite girl of the most gentle manners and engaging conversation; warm-hearted, generous, self-denying and unassuming; a dutiful and affectionate daughter, a sympathizing, warm-hearted and true friend; industrious and devoted to her profession; loved and admired by her friends to a degree more to be felt than described. Deprived of her inherited fortune, when least able to suffer or afford it, by a fault not her own, her ambition—the aim of her life—was to regain at least a portion of it by her own efforts, to provide a home for those dependent on her and then to further develop her talents under the tuition and guidance of the best masters abroad, with the hope of attaining a high position and securing an envied name in the glorious world of art. By constant self-denial and overwork, detrimental to her health, she had the former almost within her grasp when, in the inscrutable ways of Providence she was called, with her unfinished picture of ambition plainly in sight, "to that bourne from which no traveler returns." Her funeral services were conducted in an impressive manner by Rev. Mr. Tomkins of St. James' Episcopal church. As if to illustrate her boundless love of them in life, the room and coffin in which she lay were, by the tribute of devoted and sorrowing friends, literally filled with the most beautiful flowers.

The Student.

HERE are a good many current ideas about students that are not very much in the way of their salvation. Some people look on them with distrust, and, strange to say, these are chiefly tradespeople who get as a rule better prices and as good pay from him as from others. Naturally, students are lively and fond of fun, but what sort of a generation would we be living in if our fathers had been brought up by Murdestones and acted accordingly? A row in college or a supper is distinguished by more noise than cause or result, and this is a fine study in logic in which the result is greater than the cause, and again the cause greater than the result. Twenty men from a college can make more row than two hundred rowdies, and one rowdy will do more damage than ten students, and in mean actions the student does about .0001 in comparison with the average man.

For pure love of sport any number of students will give money and time, but what would athletics be if there were no collegians? A true collegian will always stand loyally by his alma mater, but except in extreme youth and consequent ignorance the average sport has no preference for any place, and one team is as good as another. People sneer at spending three or four years at college and call it impractical. Probably Newton, the early chemist, our electricians, were so deemed by their contemporaries. Everything we value or is of practical use to this world has been invented or rendered workable by men who come from the world's universities; and then if this is granted they say: "Well, science is all right, but how about philosophy, and Latin, and Greek?" Well, a little philosophy and some knowledge of political economy would not hurt some men who vote for some policies that have been dominant on this continent and elsewhere; and as for literature, our critics are principally drawn from the class whose only reading is newspapers and novels, and who show that they require something

to make them even partially civilized, for man does not live by bread alone.

Life is not all work and strife. A few years of steady and social intercourse without the ever-present sense of not knowing how to live next week are of immense use. In fact, I have yet to meet one college graduate who repented of the time spent in college, and from men who have lived in residence there is nothing but highest praise, from men who are materially successful even for a Scrooge.

The student lives and is a great thing for the world, for without him half the lightness of this too dull earth would vanish and our too angular corners of self-assertion would be worse than now, for in college a student learns to yield and be firm. In fact, a man who uses his opportunities in a college for three or four years is a gentleman and a worker, and after this there is no further praise.

T. V. F.

College Missions.

The Board of the Canadian College Mission is making a special appeal to all who are interested in the spread of the gospel in foreign lands on behalf of the work it has undertaken in Korea. Dr. Hardie has been working like a hero ever since he landed on the shores of the hermit nations, but his Board has not been able to support him in a manner which would enable him to do the most efficient service. Many from whom subscriptions were expected have failed to send them in, consequently \$700 is needed immediately by the Board in order that it may pay the deficiency in Dr. Hardie's salary and defray certain expenses incurred by necessary building.

A prominent citizen of Toronto had only to learn of the need to forward at once his check for \$20. The board feels confident that there are many others like him who only require to have placed before them the opportunity of helping in this good work, and therefore makes known its needs, resting assured that He who has declared that the silver and the gold are His will put it into the hearts of his faithful people liberally to respond. Subscriptions may be sent either to Prof. Hume of University College, chairman of the Board, or to the secretary, Dr. W. Harley Smith, 236 Spadina avenue, Toronto.

New Books and Magazines.

Probably the finest number of a magazine ever issued is the Exhibition or May number of *Scribner's*. The conductors of *Scribner's* offer this as their contribution to the World's Fair. They have planned to make it as fine an example of an American magazine as can be produced. It is put forth as a representative number to show the literary, artistic and mechanical resources that are employed in such a publication, and is fully representative of the individual writers who have made the existence of a great magazine possible. This issue contains nearly one-third more matter than the regular numbers of *Scribner's*, and the illustrations are of extraordinary abundance and richness, including twenty-five full pages, two of them in color, the frontispiece being a reproduction of a pastel by Robert Blum. Among the artists are the eminent Frenchmen, Albert Lynch, Boutet de Monvel, and Marchetti; the Englishmen, Alfred Parsons and William Hatherell; and a striking list of American artists, including J. Alden Weir, W. T. Smedley, Howard Pyle, George H. Boughton, F. S. Church, Irving, R. Wiles, Reinhardt, Mowbray, Blashfield, C. D. Gibson, and Metcalf. On its literary side this Exhibition number shows a list of contributors such as has never been brought together before in a single issue of a magazine. The opening article is an unpublished autobiography by Washington, describing in a most graphic manner the Braddock Campaign—a manuscript which is unique among Washington relics. It was written by him for the use of Colonel Humphreys in a proposed biography. W. D. Howells contributes a charming autobiographical sketch entitled *The Country Printer*, which embodies recollections of his youth. It is illustrated by A. B. Frost. Prominent English writers are Walter Besant and Thomas Hardy. The American short story is exhibited at its best by such masters of the art as Bret Harte, Henry James, George

W. Cable, H. C. Bunner, and Sarah Orne Jewett. Mrs. Burnett contributes more of the recollections of her childhood with abundant illustrations by R. B. Birch, the illustrator of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Robert Blum writes picturesquely of an Artist's Impressions of Japan, with many more of the wonderful pictures made during his residence in that country. Francisque Sarcey, the eminent French critic, contributes a brief paper on The Comedie Francaise at Chicago, and there are poems by Robert Louis Stevenson and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. In short, it is believed that such a list of artists and writers has never before appeared under the cover of a single magazine. The greatest care has been taken in the mechanical production of the number, which has a specially designed cover by Stanford White, who made the original cover of the magazine. It is interesting to note that the original drawings, manuscripts, proofs, etc., of this Exhibition number are to be displayed at the Chicago Exposition.

April *Belford's* is clever and high-class. Sketches of Concord Philosophers by Sara A. Underwood treats of Ralph Waldo Emerson, A. Bronson Alcott, Col. T. W. Higginson, Julia Ward Howe and Dr. Edmund Montgomery. One of the best short stories published anywhere during the month is *Little Bo-Peep* by Forrest Crissey, illustrated by J. Beggs.

The Sunday afternoon addresses in Convocation Hall, Queen's University, Kingston, have been collected and printed in pamphlet form by the students of the university, at twenty-five cents per copy. The pamphlet is for sale at all newsdealers, and the enterprise of the students should be encouraged.

Jules Verne's latest work, *Mistress Brannican*, a story of adventure covering nearly all parts of the world, the deserts of Asia, the jungles of Africa and the wilds of Australia, has just been issued in Canada by the Rose Publishing Company of Toronto. Jules Verne has spent the last five years in rambling over the face of the earth and this book contains the fruits of his travels. This imaginative author has shown a great falling-off in his power in all his recent works, but notwithstanding this, *Mistress Brannican* will be read with avidity. It is lavishly illustrated.

REVIEWER.

A Psalm of Joy.

Blow d' horn on call d' people,
Fetch d' banjo on d' bones;
Ring d' bell from out d' steeples,
Yell on shout in glory tones!

"Whad d' mattah!" Lawd a mitey,
Doan' yo' know whad's raised d' roof,
Aint yo' heard about d' Rigby?
It am d' only Waterproof.

DON'T BOIL
DON'T SCALD

the clothes on wash day.

Its not necessary. **SURPRISE SOAP** does the wash without boiling or scalding a single piece. The clothes last longer washed in this way. Its the quickest and cleanest way of washing too. There's no steam about the house.

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makes white goods whiter; colored goods brighter; flannels softer; nor does it injure the tenderest hands or finest fabrics.
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The Interpreter.
Stranger—A glass of beer and a Swiss-cheese sandwich.
Walter (calling)—A murr collar and a target.



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Before and After Taking.

Being Two Equally Candid Opinions of Jeremiah Bolton, Expressed by His Neighbor, Hiram Stiggins

"IS THERE a person living in this village by the name of Jeremiah Bolton?" asked the stranger of Hiram Stiggins, who was sitting on the top rail of the fence.

"He doesn't live here," said Hiram, a good deal of emphasis on the word.

"I have a letter from him and he gave this place as his address."

"Oh, it's his address all right enough. We don't call Jerry's existence living, you know. He vegetates. And if you want to collect any money from him, let me give you a pointer or two that'll save you some trouble. You just go back where you came from and wait till Jerry sends it. You'll get the cash just as quick that way as by bothering him about it. Jerry's the all-around loafer in the hull country, and that's saying a good deal, for I know most of the folks in the neighborhood. I've lived here myself goin' on twenty-four years. Some of 'em are spongers enough, and these times a man has to be up and doin' of he wants to pay his debts, let alone gittin' credit for makin' more. Times ain't what they used to be. I remember nineteen years ago this spring when—"

"What is Mr. Bolton's business? He is a mechanic, isn't he?"

"Jerry? He ain't got no business—never had. I tell him he's got no business to live. Beats me what such men are made for in the first place. Natural born loafer, Jerry is. Yes, sir. Works? When you see Jerry Bolton tackle honest work, you look out for the judgment day the week after. The world will be comin' to an end, sure. Why last harvest—I own this farm joinin' the village—and men were mighty scarce, I come over to get Jerry to help me with the hayin'—offered him good pay—a man can get anything he likes in hayin' nowadays. 'Tain't like what it used to be. Seems as if the more machinery we get on a farm the more work there is to do. Labor savin', they call them. Labor makin' is more like it. I remember sixteen years ago last harvest that we—"

"Wouldn't Jerry work?"

"Not by a long chalk. Needed the money, too. His wife was doin' the washin' for the village to keep the children and Jerry alive. As for the rent, they never thought of payin' no rent. I own the house he lives in and I suppose Jerry thought I would take it out in rent of he came to work. Still, that's flatterin' Jerry. He ain't sense enough to be afraid I'd apply his wages on his rent. He's just good for nothin'. He's a tinkerer, Jerry is. Allus workin' at some new-fangled thing that ain't no good to any livin' creature. Jack of all trades and good at none, I tell him. Trusts Providence and his wife mostly. Jerry would have starved long ago if it wasn't for that woman. She's a sight too good for him. But she's just as big a fool as Jerry, for she believes he'll do somethin' some day. She's the only one creature on earth that does, but that don't make no difference to her. She's a faded, washed-out creature, and the only time she flares up is when someone tells the truth about Jerry and she hears it. Just like a woman, you know. There's no accountin' fur 'em. Many a woman with a good, hard-workin' husband don't appreciate him. There's my wife, for instance—"

"What does he tinker at, principally?"

"Who? Jerry? Oh, Lord knows. Some fool thing or 'nother. Deacon Swipes says it's perpetual motion, but I tell the deacon there's no motion, perpetual or otherwise, about Jerry. Perpetual dum foolishness, I call it. Trying to get a livin' by the sweat of somebody else's brow. I tell 'em down in the village that Jerry's a smarter man than any of us 'cause he can live without work and we can't. Time was in this country that a man had to work or starve. Things ain't what they used to be, with the young folks all wantin' to clerk in the city. I remember twenty-one years ago when—"

"Then how does he manage to live?"

"I tell you he don't live; he vegetates, and on my vegetables, too, mostly. Only the other day Miss Bolton, she came to our place with a basket and said she wanted to borrow a basket of potatoes. I says to her, 'Miss Bolton, you can't borrow nothin'. I'll give you a basket of potatoes, if you go out and dig 'em. But I'm no such a dum fool as to lend anythin' to the Bolton family.' Then she ups and cries and my wife she says—well, that's neither here nor there. Some women don't know when they're well off and other women can't bear to hear the truth. I went down to Jerry's and gave him a piece of my mind. Had to do it to somebody or bust, for my wife's a plain-spoken woman—and then a man shouldn't be a tyrant in his own family. Well, Jerry he just looks at me and says nothin'. I believe the man's crazy. He didn't seem to hear a word I said, but just looked past a person as if someone had hit him with a club. He'll go to an insane hospital yet, and be kept at the county expense—his family, too. Hanged if I can see the sense of lettin' a man like that have a family. I remember years ago when—yes, the first house you come to, right on the edge of the village. No, it ain't much of a house; more of a shanty, as you say, but it's a mighty 'gittin' bigger'n any rent I ever get fur it. Good bye, stranger."

TEN YEARS LATER.

Hiram holds forth to a crowd of listeners on the veranda of the tavern.

"Know Mr. Bolton? Well, I should rather say I do. I can remember the time when Jeremiah Bolton didn't have a second shirt to his back, and I know some people who had doubts about the first shirt. Poor! Job's turkey wasn't in it with Jerry—I allus used to call him Jerry an' he used to call me Hiram. There wasn't no Misters between us them days. Some of you boys think yourselves smart but there's none of you can hold a candle to Jeremiah Bolton. No, sir. Last 'lection, when there was talk of running Jerry fur Governor, I knowed Jerry wouldn't take no nomination. What did he care about being Governor? Why, Jerry Bolton could buy the hull state of he wanted to."

"Most of the Governors have to do that," said a by-stander.

"Well, Jerry ain't that kind of man. Fact

is, they don't build men like Mr. Bolton nowadays. Why, I remember eleven years ago, before Jerry took out his patent, an' he was feelin' kind o' discouraged, I says to him, 'Never you mind, Jerry, your time's a-comin'. You'll be able to buy out the county some of these days.' Why, there wasn't a man in this town believed in Jerry but me. There was old Deacon Swipes, him that's dead and gone. He used to say to me, 'Hiram, I can't imagine what the devil you see in that wuthless coot, Jerry Bolton.' The deacon, he used to swear just a little, 'cause he'd been a lumberman once, and a man has to swear when he's bringin' down a raft, but he never knew he swore, and nobody liked to tell him, and he a deacon. Why, the preacher, he used to—"

"What did you say to the deacon about Bolton?"

"Oh, I says to him, 'Deacon, you're all right at seein' anything that's right under your nose, but you're no good at dealing with the future.'"

"The preacher attended to futurity, I suppose?"

"Jess so, jess so. But the deacon could never see why I took such trouble with Jerry, but I knowed he wasn't no common kind of a man. He had a way of lookin' past you and of not hearin' what a person was sayin' to him that—"

"Lucky man!"

"Exactly. He was always a studyin' and a studyin' in his mind. We used to talk about his patent, and though he never'd tell what he was figurin' on you could tell what his mind was turned. 'Hiram,' he used to say to me, 'great inventions, like the air brake and the telegraph and the Standard Oil Company, they's only thought out once in a life-time. It takes a big man to invent them sort of things, and I'm only a small man, Hiram.' He was always a modest man, was Jerry."

"That was because he was so much in your company."

"Well, anyhow he used to say that what he wanted to invent would be some little thing that everybody wanted to have and couldn't do without when once they had it, and that wouldn't cost much, and wouldn't last long, and yet would pay fifty per cent. to the maker of it. 'Hiram,' he used to say to me, 'if soap wasn't invented, that's what I would like to invent and get a patent on it.' He never could have lived if it hadn't been for me. Lived in a house I owned at that time, and most they got to eat come off my farm. I never bothered him about no rent nor pay, and when he was troubled about it I used to slap him on the back and say: 'You wait till your ship comes in.'"

"Didn't he pay the mortgage on your farm, Hiram?"

"Well, that's neither here nor there. That's a private matter 'twixt him and me. Besides, it was like this: I put the mortgage on to get the money for his patents—"

"Why, it was in the papers that the man from New York put up the cash."

"Now, young man, you keep your shirt on, and don't be too smart. I didn't need to use no money for that, because I brought Jerry the man from New York. 'Twas me introduced 'em. The man from New York made a good enough thing out of it, and he can thank me for it, not that he's ever done it."

"But Jerry was grateful?"

"You bet he was. And he didn't want to hurt my feelings nuther. His wife she came to my wife with the papers that Jerry had brought up and she says to my wife, 'Hiram was good to us when we was poor, and so you give him these 'ere papers for a present.' Then Jerry's wife, thinking of the hard times, I suppose, she breaks down and cries, and my wife she keeps her company, and them two women had a good cry together."

"Over your goodness, Hiram, I suppose?"

"Well, that's neither here nor there. Jerry knows who backed him up when it was hard sleddin' fur him, and now, by gum, he's rich enough to buy us all out and never feel it, and has a big house in New York. I allus said that's what he would come to, and of the deacon was alive, he'd tell you the same thing."—
Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

The Sober, Industrious Poet.

"Alas, Mary!" exclaimed William Sonnet, as he entered his neat but humble tenement apartment a few days ago before the close of Lent. "I fear that our Phingster holiday this year will be anything but a merry one. My employers have notified me that if they receive any more complaints of the goods from my department they will give me the sack."

William Sonnet was certainly playing in hard luck, although it would be difficult to find in the whole of Jersey City a more industrious, sober young poet, or a more devoted husband and father. For nine years he had been employed in the Empire Prose and Verse Foundry, the largest literary establishment on the banks of the Hackensack, where by sheer force of sobriety and industry he had risen from the humble position of cash-boy at the hexameter counter to that of foreman of the dialect floor, where forty-five hands were kept constantly employed on prose and verse. During these years his relations with his employers, Messrs. Rime and Reeson, had been of the pleasantest nature, until about six months previous to the opening of this story, when they began—unjustly, as it seemed to him—to find fault with the goods turned out by his department. There were complaints received at the office every day, they said, of both the dialect stories and verses that bore the Empire brand.

The Century Magazine had returned a large invoice of hand sewed negro dialect verses of the "Behof de Wah" variety, and a syndicate which supplied the Western market had canceled all its spring orders on the ground that the dialogue goods had, for some reason or other, fallen far below the standard maintained in the other departments of the Empire Foundry. William was utterly unable to account for this change in the quality of the manuscript prepared on his floor, and as he sat, with his bowed head resting on his toil-hardened hand, and the sweat and grime of honest labor on his brow, he looked, indeed, the very picture of dejection.

"William," said his wife, as she placed a caressing hand on his forehead, "you have enemies in the foundry whom you do not sus-

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pect. You must know that when you wood and won me a year ago, I had been courted by no less than four different poets who at that time were employed at the Eagle Verse Works in Newark, but have since found positions with Messrs. Rime and Reeson. I will not deny, William, that I toyed with the affections of those poets, but it was because I deemed them as frivolous as myself, and when they went from my presence with angry threats on their lips I laughed in merry glee. But when I saw them standing together on street corners, with their heads together in earnest conversation, I grew sick at heart, for I knew it boded us no good. Be warned, William, by my words."

The next day when the whistle blew at noon, William Sonnet ate his dinner from his tin pail as usual, but then, instead of going out into the street to play base-ball with the poets from the adjacent factories, as the Empire Foundry employees generally did, he took a quiet stroll through the whole establishment, under the pretense of looking for an envelope that had been knocked off the end of a ballade.

In the packing department was a large consignment of goods from his floor, ready for shipment, and he stopped to examine the burr of a Scotch magazine story to make sure that it had not been rubbed off by carelessness. What was his surprise to find that the dialect which he himself had gone over with a cross-cut file that very morning was now worn completely smooth by contact with an emery-wheel! He replaced the story carefully in the fine sawdust in which it was packed, and then examined the other goods. They had not yet been touched, but then, instead of going out into the street to play base-ball with the poets from the adjacent factories, as the Empire Foundry employees generally did, he took a quiet stroll through the whole establishment, under the pretense of looking for an envelope that had been knocked off the end of a ballade.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT.—Will you allow me space in your valuable paper to tell your many lady readers the valuable discovery I have made. Had I known this ten years ago it would have saved my husband hundreds of dollars and myself years of suffering. Since my boy was born, ten years ago, I have been a great sufferer from womb trouble. The best physicians in Canada and the United States were consulted, my husband sparing no expense where we thought there was any chance of a cure. Getting no relief from their treatment, I began to give up hopes. Last winter I caught a cold, which settled in my kidneys, and having seen Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised for this purpose tried a box, and strange to say my womb trouble began to disappear. After taking four boxes I was entirely well.

I now take one of these pills every morning and feel like a young girl again. I have told many of my lady friends who were similarly afflicted and they used them with the same good results. I have never heard of these pills being recommended for that purpose, and for this reason I write you that other suffering women may benefit by my experience. It is needless to say that my kidney trouble also disappeared. I thank you for your valuable space and trust that this information may be the means of bringing health to many homes as it has to that of

TEN YEARS A SUFFERER.

Gaze's June and July short-tour excursions to England, Ireland and Scotland are exceptionally attractive this year. Sailing outward June 20 and July 4 by Conard line to Queenstown, returning July 29 and August 12 by steamers Umbria and Etruria. They embrace journeys by water, rail, carriage and jaunting cars, and visit Queenstown, Cork, Blarney Castle, Bantry Bay, Glengarriff, the Lakes of Killarney, Dublin, Giant's Causeway, Belfast, Glasgow, The Trossachs, Edinburgh, Melrose Abbey, Abbotsford, Dryburgh Abbey, Durham, York, Lincoln, Peterboro', Ely, Cambridge, London, Stratford, Warwick Castle, Chester and Liverpool.

This six weeks' trip costs but \$375 (side trip to Paris \$14.25 extra), and includes first class steamer and railroad throughout, hotel accommodation, transfers, carriage drives, services of qualified conductor and other expenses, as per programme. Full particulars may be had for all tours by applying to Chas. E. Burns, tourist agent, 77 Yonge street, Toronto.

"And that, too, although we enclosed no postage," retorted the second poet, bitterly.

"Now to work!" continued the first speaker, as he stooped to examine some goods on the floor. "What have we here? A serial for the Atlantic Monthly! Well, we'll soon fix that," and in another moment he had injected a quantity of ginger into the story, ruining it completely. Then the work

of destruction went on, while Messrs. Rime and Reeson watched the vandals with horror depleted on their faces. A pan of sweepings from the humorous department, designed for Harper's Editor's Drawer and the Bazar, was thrown away and real funny jokes substituted for them. A page article for the Sunday supplement of a New York daily, entitled Millions who have Gold Filling in their Teeth, embellished with cuts of twenty different jaws, was thrown out, and an article on Jerusalem the Golden, ordered by the Whited Sepulchre, substituted.

Messrs. Rime and Reeson could control themselves no longer. Stacked against the wall, like a wood-pile, were the twelve instalments of a Century serial by Amelia E. Barr, which had been sawed into the proper lengths that afternoon. Seizing one of these apices, the three men made a sudden onslaught on the miscreants, and beat them into insensibility. Then they bound them securely and delivered them over to the tormentors.

As for honest William Sonnet, he was made for man of the whole foundry, and his wife, who was a fashion writer, and therefore never fit to be seen, received a present of two beautiful new tailor-made dresses, which fitted her so well that no one recognized her, and she opened a new line of credit at all the stores in the neighborhood.

It was a happy family that sat down to the Easter dinner in William Sonnet's modest home; and, to make their joy complete, before the roast was ended an envelope arrived from William's grateful employers, containing an appointment for his bedridden mother-in-law as reader for a large publishing house.—
James L. Ford in Truth.

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This six weeks' trip costs but \$375 (side trip to Paris \$14.25 extra), and includes first class steamer and railroad throughout, hotel accommodation, transfers, carriage drives, services of qualified conductor and other expenses, as per programme. Full particulars may be had for all tours by applying to Chas. E. Burns, tourist agent, 77 Yonge street, Toronto.

"And that, too, although we enclosed no postage," retorted the second poet, bitterly.

"Now to work!" continued the first speaker, as he stooped to examine some goods on the floor. "What have we here? A serial for the Atlantic Monthly! Well, we'll soon fix that," and in another moment he had injected a quantity of ginger into the story, ruining it completely. Then the work

In the Toils.



Decisive Matron.—We've come to get married. Justice of the Peace—Pardon me, madam, but isn't there a great disparity in your ages? Decisive Matron.—Never you mind about that. Jest go ahead. My daughter Henrietta was got'n t'lope with this young fellow 't-night an' I'm goin' t' stop him or bigamize him.—Judge

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Walkerton.

On Friday, April 21, the youth and beauty of Walkerton assembled at Mill View, the residence of Mr. R. Truax, this time the occasion being a progressive pedro party composed entirely of the fair sex. This is the first attempt the young ladies here made at a party of this kind, and all proclaim the new departure a grand success! Shaded lights shed a rosy glow over the gay scene. Soft music came stealing in from the distance, adding much to the pleasure of the evening. Miss Truax received her guests in a very pretty gown of blue silk. Among those present were: Misses Nichols, Stead, Roether, Barrett, Bruce, Tolton, Sinclair, Hughes, Astley, Klein, Crawford, Rogerson, Wilkes, Sinclair, Todd and Fox. The handsome prizes were won by Miss Bruce and Miss Rogerson.

A very pleasant euchre party was that given by Mrs. J. A. Rittenger on Tuesday, April 25, and composed of young ladies. A large number of guests competed for the pretty prizes, which were won by Miss McLean and Miss Todd. Mrs. Rittenger made a charming hostess, and the evening was a success in every particular. Five tables were arranged for the card-players.

Miss Stevenson of Mount Forest and Miss Biggar of Indianapolis are visiting at Dr. Sinclair's.

The dance given by the young people on Thursday, April 20, was in every way a most enjoyable success, and as gay a party as could have assembled danced the merry hours away. The young ladies provided a tempting supper and the floor was in excellent order. The dance was largely attended and all enjoyed themselves with a vim and vigor which told of youth and good spirits in perfection. There were some very pretty gowns and faces in the assembly. I regret that the large number present forbids my giving a list this time.

Mrs. Astley and her two fair daughters were at home on Friday evening of last week to a large number of their young lady friends, progressive pedro being the feature of the evening. The prizes were won by Miss Crawford and Miss Stead.

Simcoe

Mrs. Reginald Boulton, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. D. Tisdale, returned home to Toronto on Saturday.

Mrs. Coverton and daughter have been the guests of Mrs. Robert Wilson.

Miss M. Wilson is visiting Mrs. I. Lorne Campbell in Toronto.

Mrs. Alexander Kyle has returned home to Montreal.

On Tuesday evening last the staff of the Bank of Hamilton gave a very successful dance in their rooms. Dancing was kept up until about two o'clock. The supper was very recherche and was served by our caterer, George Lea.

Last Thursday evening Mrs. Canfield gave a delightful evening for her cousin, Miss Tisdale of Alameda, Cal. The evening was spent in playing cards. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McCall, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Donly, Miss Brook, Miss Taylor, and Messrs. Wallace, Grassett, Stewart, Rounthwaite, Carnochan, and King.

The final meeting of the Whist Club was held at Mr. J. H. Ansley's on Friday evening of last week, it being a very successful meeting. The prizes were won by Mrs. Joseph Jackson and Mr. W. C. McCall.

He Deserves To Be Patronized.

"Come into this store here. I want to get a pair of boots and you can give me the benefit of your advice," said Dalton to me. "Besides, you look fagged and you can take a rest at the same time." I went with him and turned into Wallace's, 110 Yonge street, where we sat down on the comfortable seats provided for customers, and Dalton proceeded to make his purchase. I gave him credit for being the most fastidious man who ever wore shoes, and the proprietor credit for being the most patient of men, for my friend very quickly had an array of all the newest styles of tan boots around him, trying on first one and then another, finding fault with all, until I got tired and walked around looking at the well assorted stock and the tasteful manner in which the goods were displayed in the windows, where, by an artistic arrangement of different colored velvet curtains, the different styles of boots and shoes were made to appeal more strongly to passers-by causing them to break the commandment against covetousness. At last Dalton selected his shoes, paid for them and walked out, remarking to me that "Wallace was an old friend of his, an enterprising man who gave his customers good value, in fact, a man who deserves to be patronized."

Master—What became of the children of Agamemnon? Papili (after mature deliberation)—I think they're dead by this time.

Radam Microbe Killer

Suppose that one of your children having colic you should place the traditional ipecac and paregoric in the family coffee pot, so that while the sick one got well the well members would be sickened. Or suppose that the grip being epidemic in some city, the mayor should empty a hundred barrels of laudanum and quinine into the common reservoir and thus dose and poison everybody, sick or well. That's just what we do when we give drugs to cure disease. The medicine and poison we swallow for cancer or diphtheria, for instance, goes as straight to the healthy points as it does to the place of disease; nor can we eat bread to feed the limbs without eating it to feed the brain. Every time we take an opium pill we opiate the whole body. Every time we take a tonic dose of arsenic we poison the whole system. Under the discovery that all disease is caused by microbes, and that the cure of all disease is merely a matter of neutralizing microbic poison in the system without the poisonous medication of the system itself—until the discovery of the Microbe Killer, which acts upon the human body harmlessly, as the sun acts upon the orchard—the whole practice of medicine was based upon a fearful error, upon the awful mistake of supposing we can send the remedial pills or syrups direct to the diseased lung or kidney without carrying the taint and bane throughout the entire anatomy. All common "doctoring" contemplates either barbarism or clear impossibility—that of abating the poisons of sickness by counterpoisoning the body or that of using the blood veins of man as direct pipes to send one drug this way and another that way at will, just as we use iron tubes to squirt nitric acid on a caterpillar without harm to the plant, or arsenic powder on a worm without harm to the rose. The virtue of Microbe Killer is that it acts on disease germs as a neutralizing principle, but on the system itself as a principle of vitality, nutrition and health.

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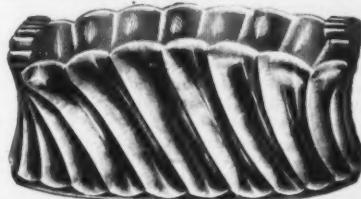
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DIVIDEND No. 67

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent on the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after the first day of June next at the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets, Toronto. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, inclusive. Notice is also given that the General Annual Meeting of the Company will be held at two o'clock p.m., Tuesday, June 6th, at the office of the Company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc. By order of the Board. S. O. WOOD, Manager. Toronto, 19th April, 1895.



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Births.

PARKER—April 24, Mrs. R. J. Parker—a son. WATSON—April 27, Mrs. J. P. Watson—a son. BENFREW—April 28, Mrs. Allan F. Benfrew—a son. WALKER—May 1, Mrs. B. L. Walker—a son. BAXTER—April 30, Mrs. Wm. Baxter—a daughter. CROFT—May 1, Mrs. F. F. Croft—a daughter. HIGGINS—April 29, Mrs. T. M. Higgins—a son. McPHERSON—April 29, Mrs. R. U. McPheron—a daughter. CASSELL—April 19, Mrs. W. G. Cassels—a daughter.

Marriages.

ARMSTRONG—McCALLUM—April 26, Alfred Armstrong to Margaret McCallum. McBRADY—SMALL—April 26, L. V. McBrady to Mary O. Small. PEUCHEN—THOMSON—April 26, Arthur G. Peuchen to Margaret Thomson. THOMPSON—GRANTHAM—May 2, W. E. Thompson to B. rtha E. Grantham. DAVIS—LINTON—April 26, Herman Davis to Frances C. Linton. HOWARD—JONES—April 27, Ernest Howard to Rebecca O. Jones. BELL—BROWN—April 26, Clarence Bell to Louisa Brown. DOYLE—McMULLEN—April 19, Dennis Doyle to Rosie McMullen. ROSENBERG—MACDOUGALL—April 27, M. Rosenberg to Minnie E. Macdougall. LABATT—RIDLEY—April 29, Robert Hodgkiss Labatt to Helen Isabel Ridley. OTTON—SIM—April 27, Charles Otton to Annie Sim. WILSON—JOKE—April 1, H. M. Wilson to Magherita Jones. CAIRNS—DENBY—April 26, Jesse L. Cairns to Emma Denby. McARTHUR—SHAW—April 26, Charles A. McArthur to Charlotte L. Shaw. HILL—MOORE—April 26, William B. Hill to Edith Moore. HORROCKS—SHAW—April 27, Percy J. M. Horrocks to Carrie Norton Shaw.

Deaths.

BROOKE—At Chatham, April 26, Isaac E. Brooke, aged 28. DOWN—April 25, Ethel Maud Down, aged 4. BROWNIDGE—April 25, Joseph H. Brownridge. DALE—April 22, Alice H. Dale. GREGORY—April 26, Elizabeth Ann Gregory, aged 66. PILSWORTH—April 26, Robert B. Pilsworth, aged 78. WELSH—April 26, Abraham Welsh, aged 85. MCCORMY—April 27, Mary McCormy, aged 78. WILSON—April 24, Thomas J. Wilson, aged 52. ROBINSON—April, Sarah Ann Robinson, aged 70. DUGGARD—May 2, Ella Gladys Duggan. KENT—May 2, Iva Berthilde Kent. BAILEY—At Dublin, Ireland, Thomas Bailey, aged 64. JEFFERY—May 2, Ethnor Janette Jeffery, aged 88. KENNEDY—May 2, Clarissa Kennedy, aged 60. MANN—May 2, Mary J. Mann, aged 43. ROBIN—May 2, James L. Robin. WALLACE—May 1, Eunice Hetherington Wallace, aged 88. BEHAN—May 1, Major G. Barrington Behan, aged 45. SMITH—April, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, aged 51. YOUNG—April 24, Mrs. George Young, aged 48.

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